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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED  
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &  
CURRENT EVENTS

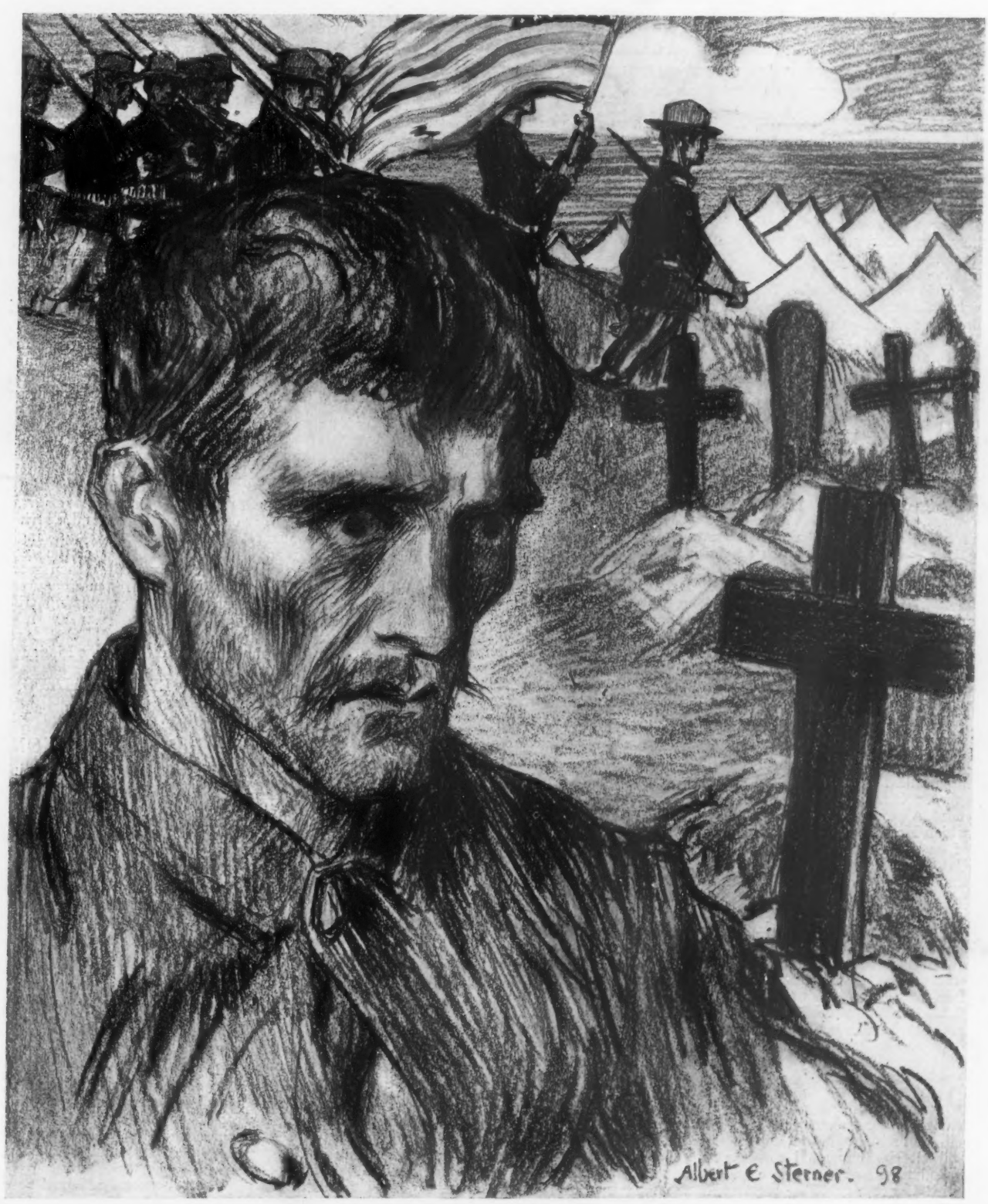


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VOL TWENTY-ONE NO 25

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 24 1898

PRICE TEN CENTS



Albert E. Sterner. 98

"HOME!"

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NEW YORK CITY

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH 1898

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA'S death was less an assassination than a release. As a girl she was beautiful as victory. Her eyes were pools of purple, her mouth a scarlet thread. Of a temperament curiously vibrant, in her mind strange tenors dwelled. She charmed when she did not repel. It is related that once upon a time in a small room of a large house three little girls were seated. They were pretty, they were poor, and they were princesses. Before them stood a fat man with a white beard. In one hand he held a chart, in the other a stick. With the stick he pointed to the ceiling. From the chart he read. The little girls had been told that he was an astrologer. They thought him very amusing. To the first he said: You will be a duchess and be burned to death. To the second: You will be a queen and fly for your life. To the third: You will be an empress and go mad on your throne. The little pauper princesses were properly pleased and becomingly alarmed. The first, the Duchesse d'Alençon, was burned alive last year in the Paris Bazaar. The second grew up to be Queen of Naples. The third was Francis Joseph's wife. The story may not be exact, and yet if it were! In any event, though the astrologer may have foreseen regalias, he could not foretell the reginacide. It is true the latter is less common. Yet it was not the former which turned this lady's head. The vagaries of Elizabeth of Austria were due partly to those mysterious tendencies which are called heredity, partly to tragedies in which when she did not collaborate she stood a witness, but chiefly to the microbes which swarm in the seats of the mighty, to that malady known as imperialism, which afflicted the glittering young empresses of old Rome. By her husband she was adored. But there are natures to whom the adoration of a monarch, of even a god, does not suffice. In an effort for something higher or lower, in an effort for the supersensible perhaps, sleep took leave of her. To recover it she chased from the Styrian Alps to Irish bogs and back again. The pursuit was continuous. It astounded the world. It was in Geneva, a fortnight since, that she found it. The weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea.

THE BOSTON REFORM CLUB recently voted an appropriation of one hundred dollars for the distribution of literature opposing imperialism. The sum is not large, but the literature should be great. Coincidentally, in the neighboring hamlet of Charlemont, a paper was read before the Old Folks Association, in which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner advocated the maintenance of early republican ideals. A love of similar ideals inspired Cato. He is dead. So too is Queen Anne. But here and there the spirit of the past endures. Here and there the dislike of novelty—that distrust of anything unmildewed by age which is at once the characteristic of days remote and the rural mind—has, through segregation perhaps, eluded evolution and still survives. In this part of the planet nowhere is it more noticeable than in the lovely intervals of New England. The explorer encounters there ideas attired in chokers and small clothes, opinions that were fashionable generations ago. This is very restful. The quiet, too, is pleasant. The latter is disturbed, if at all, but by the mail coach which passes, and at which little dogs run out and bark. Yet the coach continues its way unheeding. The destiny of the nation is as little to be stayed.

ADMIRAL CERVERA, with a courtesy which is beautiful, called recently on the Secretary of the Navy. The incident has been a source of much editorial amusement. To a number of our eminent and erudite colleagues it has seemed farcical that this gallant old tar should stop for a dish of tea with a gentleman who but a short time ago was devising ways and means where-with to eat him. The incident, however, is less farcical than

pathetic. Admiral Cervera is Spanish, but what is more to the point, he is human. It is only natural that he should prefer to have made that visit, drums beating, colors flying, at the head of his marines. And had he been able we may be sure he would have done so. But, totally apart from other disabilities, when he asked his superiors for ammunition, he was told to trust to God; when he asked for instructions, he was referred to fate. That, in the circumstances, he should have got away from Santiago is a marvel. Yet inasmuch as he did, what to him could be more melancholy than to have to thank not his government but our own for the escape?

ADMIRAL MONTJOJO's report of the Manila engagement, recently received and published by the Naval Department, discloses the reason of the high esteem in which this gentleman is held by Dewey. It is concise, plain-spoken, undeclamatory. Behind it whoso reads may see the picture of a brave foe, the figure of a gallant old sailor fighting coolly, determinedly, never despairfully; firing his guns until there are no gunners left to fire them; passing, when his ship is shot from under him, to another; answering the hail of shell with the few cannon that remain undismounted still, encouraging his personnel; directing rescues; resisting to the last, resisting while his little squadron goes to the bottom about him, and, at the end, when wounded himself, retreating indeed, yet as a lion retreats, his face to the foe. Cervera himself could not have done better and, with entire deference to that hero, might not have done as well. It is men like these and courage like theirs, the royal grit of them, their efforts to do or die, the fashion in which they front death and defeat, that should enable us to discover in Spain some of the luster of the glamour she has lost.

THE ROUGH RIDER, Private O'Brien, formerly from Arizona, lately from Santiago, who, a fortnight since, demolished a conductor, disintegrated a policeman and undid a roundsman, incurs, necessarily, for the violence of which he was guilty and the disorder which he caused, the censure of our editorial pen. But in our private capacity we hasten to assure him of our highest esteem. Like master like man is an adage which we think we have seen before. Like private like colonel is one which we are sure we have not. May it commend itself to Theodore Roosevelt. A tip in time saves nine. Mr. Croker may not be a conductor, but he looks like one. Mr. Platt has a curious roundsman air. Personally, we have mistaken Mayor Van Wyck for one of the finest. And if now Colonel Roosevelt will but emulate his subordinate and knock their heads together, we can assure him not merely of our esteem but of our early and often vote.

M. RENÉ DOUMIC, a gentleman who at Harvard not long ago occupied portions of his leisure in washing literary linen, has been recently regretting that fiction is dead. M. Doumic need not mind, he did not kill it. Moreover, he may take heart, it is not extinct. There happens merely to be an eclipse of great masters. Fielding is the father of English fiction, and, barring his productions, there was not, a hundred years ago, a single thing that was fit to read. Then, little by little, the seed which he sowed began to sprout, indolently at first, then more rapidly, until it bloomed in beauty. In France conditions were identical. The glories that ensued were more alluring still. Presently letters will be tilled again, and those that live may see a crop richer than literature has yet produced. Genius returns to the earth as the comet returns to the sky. Fiction is not dead, it sleepeth.

EDGAR SALTUS.

## THE CUBA AND PUERTO RICO COMMISSIONS

THE Cuba and Puerto Rico commissions, each consisting of three Spaniards and of three Americans, have begun their sessions at Havana and San Juan respectively. Their business will be to arrange for the evacuation of the Antilles by the Spanish forces. Even this, a merely preliminary work, may not be quickly or easily accomplished, owing to the circumstances under which the transfer of sovereignty takes place. Had Havana and San Juan been surrendered unconditionally, we should have become the undisputed possessors of all the government property, including, of course, the siege guns and field artillery and all munitions of war. As it is, the Spanish commissioners have been instructed to demand remuneration for all the government buildings and for all the war material left behind in the fortifications and magazines. What orders have been given to our commissioners concerning this detail are, as yet, unknown, but, if we agree to pay for any government property turned over by the Spaniards, we should reasonably expect to be reimbursed therefor when we, in our turn, transfer it to the representatives of independent Cuba. We probably shall allow the Spaniards to carry away the field artillery, but shall retain the siege guns, and decline to pay for them on the ground that we have not demanded a pecuniary indemnity from Spain.

It is, of course, understood that, when the evacuation takes place, the cession of sovereignty and of its material adjuncts will be made directly from Spain to the United States. In the eyes of the Spanish Prime Minister, and, we may add, of Presi-



dent McKinley, the so-called insurgent government, although it has undertaken to enact laws, commission officers and issue bonds, does not exist, never having been recognized even as a belligerent either at Madrid or in Washington. In the case of Puerto Rico, there is no semblance of an insurgent military force or civil administration. Consequently, on the evacuation of San Juan and other stations by the Spanish soldiery, the island will pass permanently under the authority of Congress, which will proceed to give it such a form of government as shall seem expedient. In Cuba, the situation will be different. There we shall find ourselves, when the Spanish flag has been hauled down, invested with all the powers previously possessed by Spain. The investiture, however, will be but temporary. We shall take the island from Spain as sovereigns, but we shall hold it only as trustees for the whole Cuban people, to whom we have been pledged by Congress to give independence. In order to carry out this pledge, it will be needful for us, first, to establish complete tranquillity throughout the island, in order that all elements of the population may express their wishes freely at the ballot-box. To that end, it will be the duty of the commission now sitting in Havana to arrange, after the close of the rainy season, which is not distant, for the substitution of American troops at the principal strategic points now occupied by Spanish soldiers. It follows that, for a brief period after our assumption of sovereignty, the whole of Cuba will be under military control, as our Southern States were after the civil war, and as a part of the province of Santiago is to-day. Nowhere, except possibly in the two or three towns actually occupied by its adherents, will the appointees of the so-called insurgent government be permitted to exercise authority, for the reason, as we have said, that this government has no existence in the eye of international law. Those daily newspapers which compare the present position of the insurgents with that of the American revolutionists in 1783 give evidence of a lack of knowledge and of confusion of thought. The thirteen American Colonies were recognized as belligerents at an early stage of their uprising against Great Britain, and even their independence was acknowledged in 1778 by France, and, subsequently, by Spain and the Netherlands. From the viewpoint of international law, the situation created by our conquest of Cuba is absolutely unique, and, in the absence of any precedents, we must deal with it on general principles of wisdom, justice and generosity. There would, indeed, have been precedents in the occupation of Tunis by France and in that of Egypt by England, had the conquering nations in those instances adhered to their promises that the occupation should be but temporary. Those promises have been broken, and it is now generally believed that they were never intended to be kept. No such perfidious intention is chargeable to the McKinley Administration, and, for that reason, the experience of Tunis and of Egypt has no bearing on the Cuban situation. Congress, which, by our Constitution, has the power to declare war, has, by implication, the power to define the purpose for which war is entered on. By a joint resolution, Congress announced that we should intervene in Cuba for the purpose of putting an end to an intolerable regime of savagery and devastation, and of vindicating the right of self-government for the inhabitants of the island. That declaration having been put forth, the American Executive and the American people are bound to live up to it, unless it should be retracted by the very power that uttered it. It does not follow that the tranquilization of the island and the assurance of full liberty of expression to all the elements of its population can be accomplished in a day; it is probable, on the contrary, that the armed occupation of Cuba may have to be protracted for many months at all events. It is also probable that a new commission composed of eminent civilians—the present commission is made up exclusively of army and navy officers—will have to be appointed for the purpose of considering carefully the conditions under which the inhabitants of Cuba shall adopt a constitution and put in operation a scheme of independent government. That is the course which we have adopted in the case of Hawaii, although Hawaii had already a constitution in working order and a government universally obeyed, which had been formally recognized by us as independent.

It should be distinctly kept in view that we did not intervene in Cuba on behalf of the so-called insurgent government, the very existence of which, even as a belligerent, we declined, as we have said, to recognize. Undoubtedly, the American holders of the bonds issued by the self-styled Cuban Republic wish that the facts were otherwise, but we are stating the facts as they are. The United States intervened to put an end to a state of things which was a disgrace to civilization, and to assure, if possible, forever, to all the elements of the Cuban population, without distinction of color or descent, peace, order and civil liberty. Attempts are continually made in certain American newspapers to divert us from this fundamental purpose, and to confiscate the fruits of our outpour of blood and treasure exclusively in favor of the professed adherents and sympathizers of the so-called insurgent government. Whether these efforts should be imputed to dishonesty or to simple ignorance can only be determined when a list of the actual holders of the Cuban bonds shall have been published. Meanwhile, we may take for granted that our government will carry out unswervingly the fundamental aim embodied in the resolutions of Congress, and will strive faithfully to give, not a part, but the whole of the Cuban population, such an equitable system of independent

rule as shall minimize the chances of vindictive reprisals and of intestine dissension.

It will have been observed that the insurgent government is itself proceeding upon the assumption that it occupies a position indistinguishable from that of the American revolutionists when their independence was acknowledged by Great Britain in 1783. As a matter of fact, Spain has not acknowledged the independence of the Cubans, nor, as we have said, has she, nor any other power, recognized the insurgents even as belligerents. So far as the insurgents are concerned, the situation in Cuba, after a definite peace shall have been made, will be similar to that which the American colonies would have occupied if, by the Peace of Paris in 1783, they had been ceded by Great Britain directly to France. It will be even worse than that for the insurgents, seeing that, after the war had begun, and we had actually invaded Cuba, we did not, even then, conclude any formal treaty of alliance with them. From the viewpoint, therefore, of the United States, the officials of the so-called insurgent government are acting *ultra vires*, when they issue a proclamation directing that an election shall forthwith take place for an assembly which shall frame a constitution for the island. We cannot recognize such an assembly, nor the constitution which may be its outcome, for the obvious reason that we have not recognized the validity of the authority to which they will owe existence. When the proper time comes for the organization of an independent government in Cuba, or, in other words, when order and tranquillity shall have been established throughout the island, and all armed bands, whether professing loyalty to Spain or to the so-called Cuban Republic, shall have surrendered their weapons and shall have returned to peaceful avocations, it will be for the American military governor, or for a commission charged with the specific function, to designate the qualifications for the preliminary franchise, and to direct the election of a constitutional convention. In defining the conditions of the suffrage, we should be at pains to avoid all discrimination on the score of race or of nativity, having before us as our primary aim, not the triumph of a particular faction, but the welfare of the whole population. Whether for the preliminary ballot the principle of universal suffrage should be adopted, or an educational or a property qualification should be imposed, the utmost care should be taken to exclude no orderly and law-abiding citizen, on the score either of color or descent. Not only those native Cubans who have served under the insurgent leaders in the field, or have recognized their authority, but also those native Cubans who look with favor on the Autonomist system conceded by Spain not long before the outbreak of the war, and even those civilian Spaniards who shall decide to remain in the island and who shall covenant to support loyally the new regime, should all be permitted to take part in returning members to the convention, whose duty it will be to frame a scheme of republican government possessing, at least *prima facie*, the elements of equity and of stability. It will be for President McKinley's representatives at Havana to inspect the constitution thus completed, and determine whether it seems likely to answer the high-minded purpose with which we undertook to liberate the island. If the proposed organic law shall meet with our approval, we shall authorize it to be put in operation, by sanctioning an election under it, at which a Cuban Executive and a Cuban Legislature will be chosen. When the machinery of the new policy is once in working order, we shall substitute the Cuban ensign for the American flag over all the government property derived by us from Spain, and, withdrawing all the troops which, up to that time, will have been stationed for police purposes in the island, we shall leave the Cuban republic to its experiment of self-rule. If the Cuban Legislature, which shall thus lawfully come into being, shall see fit to give validity to all or any of the bonds which have been issued by the so-called insurgent government, it will be at liberty to do so, provided the Cuban Constitution itself shall not prohibit the imposition of such a burden on the infant State. It will also be for the Cuban Legislature to provide, if it shall see fit, out of the island's public revenues, for the pay of the insurgent soldiers who have served under Gomez, Garcia, and other insurrectionary chiefs.

This is, substantially, the course which events will follow in Cuba, provided the American Congress shall adhere to the resolutions by which in April it signified a determination to give self-rule to Cuba. It is, manifestly, not the course which would have been taken, had we recognized the independence, or even the belligerency, of the so-called insurgent government. In that case, we should have appeared in Cuba precisely as the French appeared in the American colonies in 1778; that is to say, as allies and coadjutors, and we should have continued to fight until Spain, herself, had acknowledged the independence of the Cuban republic. Then, whenever in any part of the island the Spanish flag had been pulled down, the Cuban flag would have been hoisted, and Cuban officials would have proceeded to carry on the civil administration. When the war should have ended, and Spain's evacuation of the island should have been completed, we should have withdrawn our own troops forthwith, and have left the Cuban republic to the fulfillment of its destiny. The actual situation is, as we have seen, entirely different. We have to create in Cuba a republic before we leave it to its fate, and, in view of the grave responsibility thereby assumed, it behooves us to take every precaution against the recrudescence of race hatred and the revival of factional disorder.

# ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

BY A LADY OF HER COURT

ON SATURDAY night, September 10, the transatlantic cable flashed to us the news of the foulest and most terrible crime which has been perpetrated in late years; namely, the assassination by an anarchist of Austria's lovely and beloved Kaiserinn. Even the members of the Embassy at Washington refused at first to believe such a thing to be possible, so it is hardly surprising that I, who knew, perchance, better than anybody in this country, how unlikely an object Elizabeth was for the wreaking of anarchist vengeance, should have felt absolutely confident that the news was false, just in the same way as that concerning the young queen of Holland proved to be so a few days ago.

Alas, it is now no longer a matter for doubt that Emperor Francis Joseph's peerless consort has been laid low by the stiletto of a fiend, for whose action one cannot even claim the excuse of a demented brain; for, according to his own statement, his deed was planned out, and executed, in cold blood—a fact in which he glories.

Gentle, considerate, simple in all her ways, unaffected, and absolutely devoid of haughtiness, the empress was the most tender-hearted and charitable being whom it has been my luck to ever know: human suffering was to her, who had suffered so much, the most sorrowful of spectacles, and she relieved it wherever and whenever she encountered it, with ceaseless kindness and patience. It could not be said of her that she personified what the French call "Un des heureux de ce Monde," her life having been, in spite of her exalted position and matchless beauty, a singularly lonely and wretched one, and by no means an existence which would evoke the malicious envy of those placed on a lower rung of the social ladder.

To the public in general, the murder of this morally and physically perfect woman, who, as the emperor said when he received the dread message, "had never done but good throughout her life," is wellnigh incomprehensible; to those who have had the happiness of knowing her intimately, it is absolutely incredible. She never, in all her long career as a sovereign, mixed herself in politics, or even attempted to interfere with her husband's management of his turbulent and unruly dual empire. At the outset of her wedded life the insane jealousy of her mother-in-law, Archduchess Sophia—an overbearing, ambitious and strangely selfish woman—made it impossible for Elizabeth to become the true helpmate and constant companion whom the young emperor would have found in her had she been allowed more freedom of intercourse with him; for at every effort made by the empress to assume her natural and proper position with regard to court and country, she encountered the wall of ice erected by the old archduchess all about her. It was thanks to this typical mother-in-law that all sorts of cabals were formed against the lovely girl whose warmth of heart was literally smothered within her by injustice and malevolence.

Everybody knows the poetical story of Francis Joseph's brief courtship. Arriving at the castle of Duke Maximilian in Bavaria, to celebrate his betrothal with his host's eldest daughter Helene,

he met by chance, under the dense green shadows of the park, a girl clad in a short white frock, with a wealth of gleaming auburn tresses falling in silky waves about her slender form. She seemed to him the very embodiment of a poet's dream, with her clear, colorless skin, her immense dreamy sapphire eyes, and a daintiness of aspect which gave her the appearance of being something too fair for man's rude touch. The young monarch's susceptible heart could not withstand such potent charms, and, breaking off his engagement with Princess Helene, he asked for and obtained, not without some struggle, the little hand of Princess Elizabeth, who had not as yet even made her debut at her father's small court.

Her first long dress was the heavy silver brocade of her bridal court train, and the old nurse

family and people considered him to have made a mistake in marrying her, that led her to devote herself to the companions of her childhood; namely, to horses and to dogs; and she became famous as one of the most magnificent equestriennes in the world, her feats as a rider exciting the admiration of the entire sporting world. Not the least remarkable feature about her fondness for horses was the extraordinary, almost hypnotic, influence which she possessed over them. The most unmanageable horses would let themselves be approached and petted by her, and she used to throw the colonel in command of the "Reit-Lehren-Institute" at Vienna into absolute convulsions of terror by occasionally bearing down upon him with the request to "send to the riding school a couple of his wildest specimens for us to have a little fun with!" The hapless

colonel would at first try to evade obedience, but the empress was peremptory and he had to give in, though his bronzed face was apt to turn ghastly pale under its tan when he watched the slender, graceful figure of his sovereign vault into the saddle and perform wonders of horsemanship on animals which he would not have dared to let an ordinary cavalry officer ride. Her friendship with Eliza, the celebrated "Haute-Ecole" rider at Renz's, gave rise to much unkind comment, but the truth is that Eliza—now married to a distinguished French officer—was of unimpeachable repute, and that her admirable powers as a rider and breaker-in of horses gave her the best of introductions into the favor of the empress.

When we were at Godollo in Hungary, we were in the saddle as early as half-past four o'clock every morning, leading our horses through the tall sweet-scented grasses, and jumping over hedges and ditches, with little variation save the changing of our mounts until the eleven o'clock "déjeuner à la Fourchette."

Count P., who is one of the wealthiest magnates in Hungary, and who breeds horseflesh on a very extensive scale, owned in 1878 a magnificent coal-black stallion, possessed of so fiendish a temper that for six months his grooms had been unable to enter his box and were forced to feed him in pails provided with six-foot-long handles. The empress heard of this, and would not rest

until we had driven over to visit the count, or, much rather, the count's restive pensioner. No prayers or entreaties could avail when her Majesty had made up her mind, and so, *volens volens*, our host was forced to conduct us to the furthest corner of his superb stables, where "Black Devil"—such was this amiable animal's name—reigned supreme.

Without a minute's hesitation, and disregarding the exclamations of horror of the onlookers, Elizabeth walked deliberately to the box, and churring in a peculiar manner to its occupant, she drew back the bolt and coolly entered. Those present held their breath, expecting at every minute to see the dauntless woman trampled down and torn to pieces. No such thing, however, happened. At first the startled beast snorted and laid back his ears, but soon the eyes softened and grew tender, and the empress was suffered to pat the dilated nostrils and arched neck. "Come here," she called out to me; "he is as gentle as a lamb, poor old boy, but he badly



THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

who had brought her up, and who died not so very long ago, told me once in her quaint motherly way: "Ah! but she looked an angel that day, the little dear, with her beaming innocent smile, and love for her handsome bridegroom shining all over her!"

It was this tender, enthusiastic, ideal child who was met, upon entering her husband's dominions, by the repelling coldness and proud exclusivism of the so eminently clannish Viennese aristocracy, encouraged and led in the ostracism which they displayed toward their empress by no less a person than the emperor's own mother.

With extraordinary bravery, Elizabeth tried at first to hold her own, but discouragement and weariness overtook her, and a few short years after her union to Francis Joseph she turned for consolation and solace to those outdoor sports and violent bodily exercises with which she has so frequently been taunted. It was this sense of friendlessness, this feeling that both her husband's



wants brushing up." Where she had gone self-respect forbade me to refuse following her, and so I promptly obeyed her command. Between us we polished up "Black Devil," and left him ultimately whinnying with fond gratitude, a vanquished tyrant. So astounded was the count, and so relieved, also, at finding that no accident had happened, that he craved permission to present the dusky beauty to her Majesty. The gift was accepted, but it took a long time before the four-footed "Devil" could be induced to endure the presence of a man near him, and we had all the work we could do in attending personally to his demoniacal wants. However, the empress ended by obtaining such complete mastery over him that he used to follow her about like a dog in the park and grounds of Godollo.

It was a sad day for her when her physicians declared that she had ruined her health by excessive riding, and that she must abandon for the time being this her favorite pastime. From that time forth she devoted herself with equal energy to pedestrianism, and until a few months ago, when the doctors discovered that she was afflicted with heart disease of an exceedingly acute form, she was wont to indulge in walks of twenty and even thirty miles a day, her step being as elastic and her carriage as alert and as graceful as that of a young girl. Clever by nature and culture, by intellect and by insight, the empress was endowed with an insatiable appetite for learning. All the time left free to her by court functions and by her outdoor life was devoted to acquiring almost boundless knowledge, and thus she more than completed an education which her early marriage had not left her much scope to finish. She selected Dr. Falk, the learned editor of the "Pesther Lloyd," as her professor of Hungarian, much to the displeasure of her ever ultra-critical entourage, who was horrified at the doctor's opposition to the government; and her rapid progress in this difficult tongue amazed even the clever hard-working "savant," who asserted that not another woman existed who could enter so thoroughly into downright plodding as did the empress. Of course, her learning the Hungarian language made her excessively popular with the Magyars; in fact, she was always prouder of her title as Queen of Hungary than of that of Empress of Austria, and she loved the enthusiastic, impulsive children of the Puszta far more dearly than she ever did the German-speaking element in her husband's vast possessions. She had a positive gift for languages, modern Greek being the latest addition which she had made to her polyglot stores.

Those who have accused the empress of being an indifferent mother knew nothing of what they were talking about. She literally worshiped her only son, "Rudi"—a fact well proved by the inconsolable grief which never knew any relief since the horrible tragedy of Mayerling. Archduchess Gisela was already married when I arrived at the court of Vienna, but the crown prince, who was but two years older than myself, and little Archduchess Marie Valerie, then only a child of eight, were thrown a great deal in my company, and I can assert that tenderer love never united children to their mother.

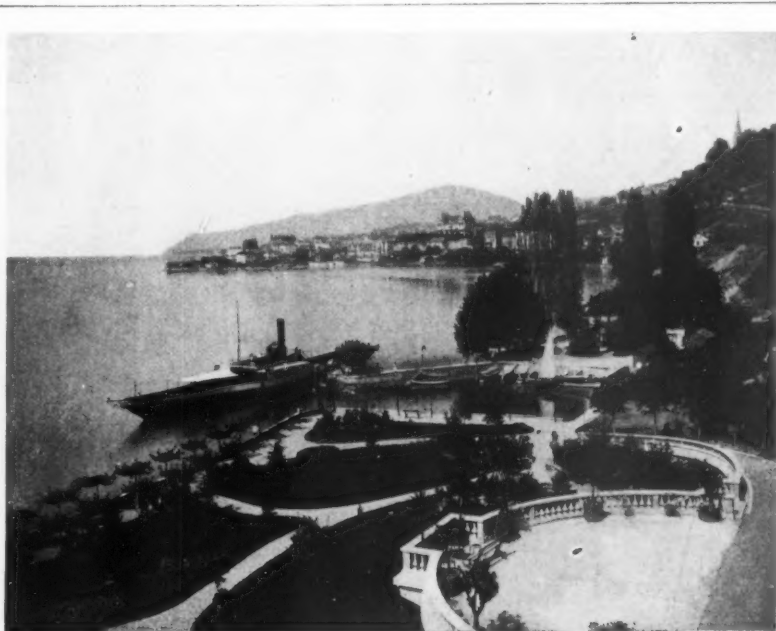
Marie Valerie—"Mutzerl," as she was then familiarly called—was her beautiful mamma's pet, and was constantly near her. From her very earliest childhood she was brought up in an atmosphere redolent of fidelity, courage and dignity, and much of her education was undertaken by the empress herself. During the years that preceded the birth of the charming little archduchess, a serious estrangement had been at last brought about between the emperor and his consort by the combined efforts of Archduchess Sophia and of the imperial family and court. I do not care to refer here to the causes attributed to this estrangement. Be it therefore sufficient

coronation ceremonies at Pesth in 1867, and on the evening of that day the entire population of the ancient Magyar capital drank toasts and shouted out "Ejens" in honor of their newly crowned king and queen, and also in that of the reconciliation between Francis Joseph and Elizabeth. In the following spring her Majesty gave birth, in the Hungarian capital, to Marie Valerie, and from that moment she devoted herself greatly to the child, who was a bond of everlasting reunion between herself and her always and, in spite of all, dearly beloved husband.

Characteristic of the empress was the originality which she showed in the arrangement of her private apartments, whether she was staying at one of her own palaces or in a plain hotel suite of rooms. Her first care was invariably to send for flowers, quantities of them, both potted and cut, and to dispose them herself in all available nooks and corners; next came her books, well thumbed volumes handsomely but soberly bound, and written in the many dead and living languages which she knew. A large square box containing portraits and photographs of those she loved was always included in her luggage, and she took special delight in grouping these souvenirs of home about her. When she built and furnished the villa "Achilleon," she gave proof of what her artistic sense was. This imperial abode has been so often described that it would be futile to do so again in these columns, and yet no pen or even brush wielded by the cleverest of writers or of painters can ever give an adequate idea of the chastened magnificence and truly unique taste displayed throughout this creation of her imagination, and executed in marbles and mosaics, precious woods and more precious metals. Corfu was a fitting place of residence for the grieving empress. She followed in her selection thereof the example of Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, who in the year 20 A.D., cast into the depths of despair by the loss she had sustained, landed upon the shores of this enchanted island to seek the consolation usually brought by beautiful scenery coupled with perfect rest and estrangement from all social noise and turmoil.

Unfortunately, even the beauties of Achilleon failed to attain any such end, and the poor Niobe, hunted by the restlessness of a pain too great to be explained in words, decided, not very long ago, to dismantle her lovely Greek villa. The monuments which had been erected in the gardens to the memory of Crown Prince Rudolf and of her Majesty's favorite poet Heine were taken away, and sent, together with most of the art treasures contained in the salons and galleries of Achilleon, to Schloss Lainz, this Terra Incognita, which has lately been the retreat of the kaiserinn, and which is concealed from the public gaze by thousands of woodland acres, in the neighborhood of the castle of Schönbrunn. If Achilleon was a marvel of Greek and Pompeian reconstruction, Lainz seems to have been torn out of the pages of some ancient record of legends or of fairy tales. Surrounded, in spite of the immensity of the domain, by high, forbidding-looking walls, it is still further protected from any

(Continued on page 8)



GENEVA, LAKE LUCERNE, WHERE THE EMPRESS WAS KILLED



ELIZABETH BRIDGE, VIENNA

to state that then, as ever, Elizabeth was a victim who proudly bore her wounds without a murmur or complaint. At last, after a long space of time, the emperor's relatives and principal advisers, alarmed by the delicate health and frail constitution of Crown Prince Rudolf, and bitterly regretting what they had done, determined to bring about a reconciliation between the imperial couple on grounds of national policy. Accordingly, the empress was approached on the matter both by her nearest relatives and by the leading statesmen of Austro-Hungary, who appealed to her, not on personal but on patriotic grounds—the former would have remained without effect—to resume once more her position as the wife of the emperor. Her Majesty finally yielded to their solicitations, for the love she bore Francis Joseph still existed, and she knew how bitterly he felt their separation. She took part in the



AGUINALDO, CHIEF OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURGENTS, AND A GROUP OF HIS FOLLOWERS

## THE BATTLE OF THE CONVENT DE SOLEDAD

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1898

THE transport "Colon," which arrived last evening, brought advices from Manila to August 7, containing accounts of the battle of the Convent de Soledad on July 31 and the two days following. The essential results of the conflicts were made known many days ago by telegraphic despatches, but some of the details now disclosed in letters possess interest.

The scene of the fighting was the paddy fields and swamps between the shore of the bay and the road from Cavite to Manila. One end of this tract was occupied by the Spaniards, with their right resting on Fort Malate, from which a trench ran eastward to the Cavite road; the other end was held by General Greene's forces, resting on an old Capuchin monastery known as the Convent de Soledad. His line stretched from the bay shore to the Cavite road, with trenches all along his front. On July 31, when the attack was made, these trenches were held by the Tenth Pennsylvania—"the terrible Tenth," as they are called—with the guns of the Utah Battery on either end of the line. In advance of the line, outposts were occupied by parties of the Third regular artillery, who never thought the case grave enough to require them to fall back on their supports; the reserve consisted of the First

California, the First Colorado, and the remainder of the Third Artillery. Back of our trenches, paddy fields, swamps and occasional patches of corn were interspersed with groves of mangoes, bamboos and brush as far as General Greene's headquarters; several days of pitiless rain poured by the monsoon had converted the field into a bog which was in some places knee-deep in water.

About 11 P.M. on Sunday, July 31, while the men in camp were cowering from the rain, and the night was so pitchy black that one tent could not be seen from another, parties of Spaniards advanced from their front and right, and did not halt till they were met by the fire of our outposts, while simultaneously a heavy gun in Malate lighted up the scene from time to time with a spurt of flame. It is difficult to imagine what the Spaniards expected to gain by the movement. On the face of it, their design appears to have been to turn our flank, to crowd General Greene to the water's edge, and to make the ground gained the basis of an attack on Camp Dewey at Cavite. Such an enterprise was simply ridiculous; but the Spaniards have done so many ridiculous things in this war that one more need attract no surprise.

About half-past eleven the firing from Malate became continuous, and the Spanish troops, who belonged to the Infanteria de la Marnia, armed with Mausers, pressed so closely on our trenches that the Tenth Pennsylvania sent to the rear for support. Two or three companies of their own regiment, which had been held in reserve, rushed

forward, and the First California followed swiftly, plunging and splashing through the mud. So eager were the men to taste battle that in the dark they fired upon the Pennsylvanians in front of them. They were welcome, however, for the gallant Tenth had exhausted their ammunition,



A COMPOSITE OF AMERICAN AND PHILIPPINE ARCHITECTURE

and, when the Californians came, they had only four rounds left.

At the junction of the Pasay and Cavite roads, Company H of the Third Artillery (regulars), commanded by Lieutenant Krayenbuhl, stood ready to move. His orders were not to advance "except at a pinch." He concluded that the "pinch" had come, and he dashed forward at the double quick. He was quickly followed by Company K of the Third. These trained soldiers passed through the field that was being swept by the Spanish fire with trifling loss, and they never halted till they were in the trenches. They were armed with Krag-Jorgensens, and when they opened fire the effect was quickly perceived. The fire of the Spanish Mausers slackened, while that of the Third was kept up with monotonous regularity. Every man carried one hundred and fifty rounds, and there was a reserve of ten thousand rounds in wagons.

Meanwhile, in the center of the line, where the ammunition of the Tenth Pennsylvania had run short, and the men were fixing bayonets for fighting at close quarters, some of the young recruits were growing nervous. One of them ran madly through the swamp to General Greene, and spluttered: "General, we're whipped. The Utah Battery is wiped out. We've no ammunition." Calm as a May day, the general soothed the terrified soldier with assurances that men and guns were both going forward. The Utah Battery was very far from being wiped out. Their officers had got the ranges with absolute accuracy, and from both ends of our line their guns were doing execution wherever a group of Spaniards was revealed by Malate's fire or the searchlights of the "Raleigh." They loaded and fired with the coolness of veterans.

About 3 A.M. General Greene came to the front, and took command. But the battle was won.



AMERICAN TROOPS TAKEN FROM TRANSPORTS TO CAVITE IN NATIVE CANOES



Our men were fighting in two lines. The front line would lie down in the mud while the rear line fired over their heads; a little experience of this treatment satisfied the Spaniards, and some time before daylight their fire ceased and they retreated to Malate. Four thousand Spaniards had been beaten by thirteen hundred Americans.

General Aguinaldo and his rebels are not rising in American esteem. The general should have covered our right on August 1; he was not present in the flesh on that occasion, and if the Spaniards had had force or wit enough to overlap our line, the consequences might have been serious. Then, in the rebel hospital at Cavite, General Merritt found a large number of Spanish prisoners who were actually starving to death. A commission appointed to examine them reported that they were simply dying from want of food, and the assertion was confirmed by their pale, drawn faces and their emaciated forms. General Merritt took charge of the hospitals, and gave an indefinite leave of absence to the insurgent doctors. Nor has Aguinaldo's popularity been increased by his endeavors to prevent the seizure by the Americans of a quantity of naval stores found in the arsenal at Cavite. The insurgent chief claims that they are the property of a wealthy Chinaman, who, he says, is a sympathizer with the insurgent cause. General Merritt did not consider the Chinaman's title to the property indefeasible; for the present, he decided that it would be safest in American hands.

JOHN BONNER.

### CAVITE AS WE FOUND IT

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP DEWEY, MANILA BAY, Aug. 4, 1898

CAVITE is a good place in which to study the progress of fortification, for here are stone structures more than three hundred years of age, and also many modern fortifications, some of which are capable of withstanding heavy bombardment and long siege. On some of the works are mounted fine modern guns. The general idea that all the fortifications of Manila—of which Cavite is about what Sandy Hook is to New York—are ancient is erroneous; for strong as are the fortifications of Cavite, which guard the entrance to the city, they are not to be compared with those of the Philippine capital. The successive Spanish governor-generals in charge of these islands have certainly found some time,

### WILLIAM TIFFANY:

AN EPITAPH

*The cup that Life held out to him  
Was sweet as roses' honey-breath;  
He cast it down, to face the grim,  
The cold, unparleying monster, Death.*

*With eager heart, with sword at side,  
His knightly march he straight began;  
His country called: he suffered—died  
A Soldier, and a Gentleman!*

HAROLD R. VYNNE

while accumulating personal gain and slaughtering natives, to plan and erect admirable defenses for Manila Bay.

The surrender of the fortifications of Cavite to Dewey can be attributed only to the panic which seized civilians and soldiers when the Spanish fleet of Montojo was annihilated under the very guns of the works. At a battery on the point toward the ocean from Cavite the worst effects of Dewey's bombardment are seen; the earth-works there were totally destroyed. All about the fortifications of Cavite may be seen that much havoc was wrought by the guns of our ships.

We are in full possession of the forts of Cavite. These, with the arsenal, navy yard, barracks, storehouses and other public buildings, cover about five hundred acres. The place is now the supply station of our army and navy. In the arsenal and workshops our men, with thousands of natives, are now hard at work on war material for our forces, and in the Cavite warehouses are stored the supplies brought over for our men by the many transports which have sailed from our Pacific coast. Our general hospital, post-office, etc., are also here.

The plaza on the military grounds of Cavite is a fine public square. Among other buildings on it is the chapel where the Spanish garrison worshipped and where to-day the Catholics of our army and garrison attend service; it is still in charge

of a Spanish priest, thanks to the courtesy of our army officers.

The walls of Cavite surround the town; the forts are really but portions of the walls.

The insurgents have a number of Spanish launches that were turned over to them by Admiral Dewey, but they go to war with the Spanish across the bay in odd-looking canoes. They carry a tri-colored flag—red, white and blue—something like the insurgent flag of Cuba.

Our general hospital at Cavite is located on the plaza.

There are in Cavite quite a number of prisoners of war, as well as many noncombatants who were unable to get away when the town surrendered. All of them, as well as all foreigners—except American soldiers and sailors—must have permits to pass any post in Cavite, even if they are going to or from church.

Cavite town is a truly Asiatic one; that is, it is dirty, filthy, and has narrow streets. Its shops and dwellings also are dirty; there is but one European shop. The town is held by the insurgents, and the many public buildings are now either prisons, where the natives hold the Spaniards and subject them to starvation, or insurgent quarters where the native troops stay.

Cavite contains a number of churches. The cathedral, which stands on the bay near the walls of the town, and near the gate from Cavite to Old Cavite, was struck by Dewey's guns. It was in this cathedral that the insurgents dug open the crypts which held the remains of Catholic priests and scattered the bones inside the edifice and about the streets.

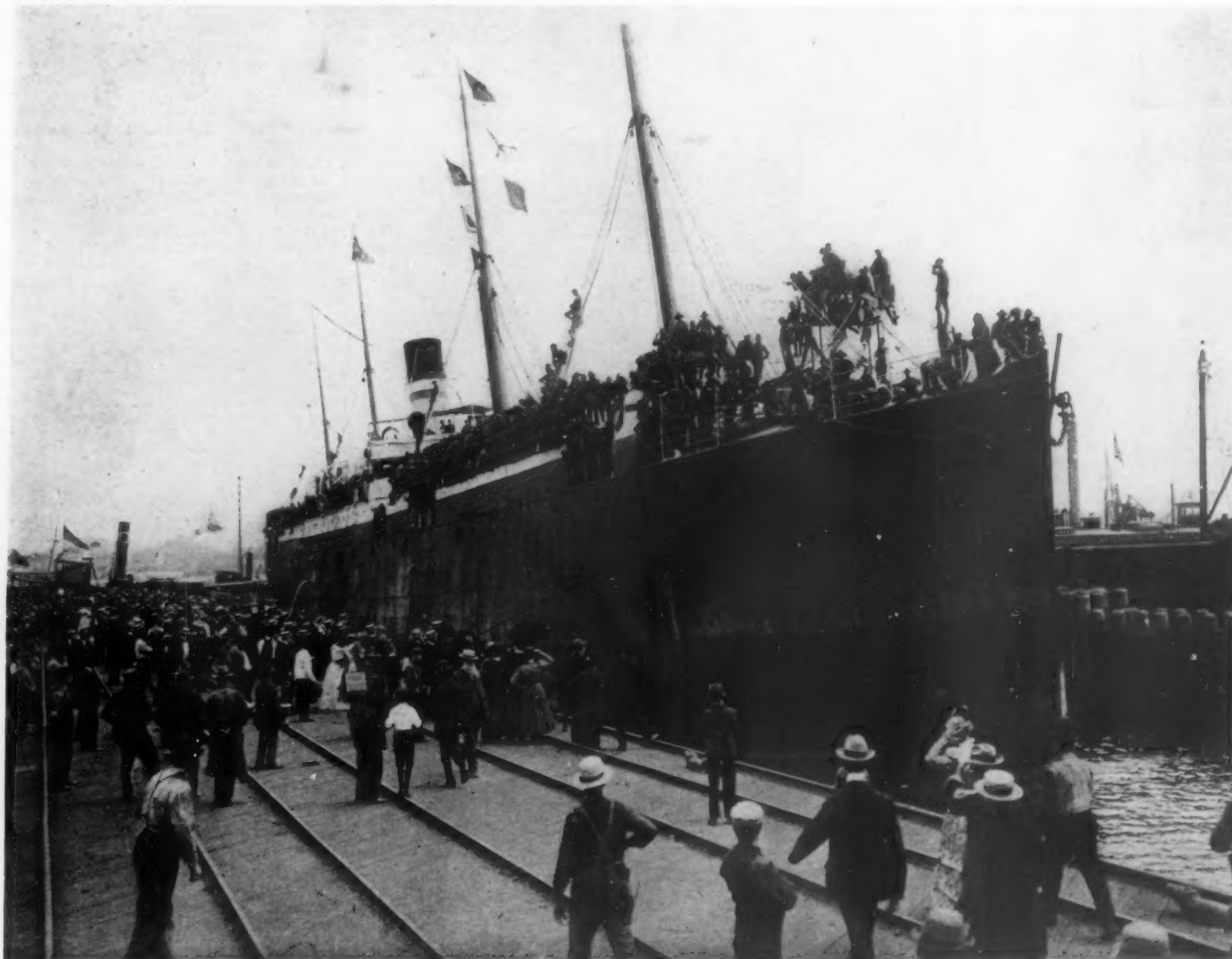
The Cavite theatre, just opposite the cathedral, is now an insurgent headquarters. Our soldiers wish it were used as originally devised, for diversions are scarce in this part of the world. Unlike theatres in general, its walls display many crosses, all of which are red—painted in Spanish blood. The ways of the insurgents are quite as grim as those of the Spaniards.

Old Cavite, quite a different place from the "new town," is the seat of the provisional government organized by the insurgents, of which Aguinaldo is president. It is a typical native town, and contains very few Spanish government buildings.

The insurgent troops are armed entirely with arms taken from the Spanish, and are well supplied with ammunition. Their method of selecting officers is peculiar. Whenever an insurgent soldier can raise money enough to buy a pistol he is given a commission.

W. G. I.

(For illustrations see double page.)



THE TRANSPORT "OBDAM," WITH GENERAL MILES AND STAFF, TROOPS A AND C NEW YORK CAVALRY, AND OTHER SOLDIERS, AT HER DOCK AT WEEHAWKEN

## ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

(Continued from page 5)

gaze, save that of birds, by a belt of century-old trees of extreme magnificence, which cast their deep green shadows upon the velvetiest of emerald swards. Here, again, Elizabeth's love for flowers became apparent, the gardens being as near perfection as perfection is to be attained here below. The castle itself is embedded in a wealth of blossoms which literally beggars description, the tropical plants finding, during the cold months, a refuge in the enormous winter-garden which opens from the empress's private suite of rooms. The building itself is very roomy and decorated in Renaissance style, the lofty entrance hall is adorned with many beautiful paintings, including the celebrated "Hunt of Diana" by Makart. A majestic salon, the walls of which are inlaid with wonderful mosaics, is called the "Marble Room," and there is it that, hidden behind a movable panel, stands a jewel of an altar of pure Renaissance design, where the empress's chaplain used to say Mass every morning at sunrise. This altar is ensconced in a fretted and carved extension of the Schloss, according to the rules of the Catholic religion, which prohibit anything being built above such places of worship.

Upstairs are the private apartments of the emperor and empress, separated by a large library so filled with palms, ferns and shrubs, in full bloom, emerging from great bronze and silver boxes, that it closely resembles a conservatory. The kaiser's bedroom is austere simple: a camp-bed covered with military-blue cloth, a "Prie-Dieu" surmounted by a large crucifix, a superb painting representing the Blessed Virgin, and another the empress and her children, being about all it contains. Far more luxurious is Elizabeth's sleeping-chamber, but still the dominating note is peculiarly quiet and peaceful. Walls and furniture are of a soft creamy whiteness, that of the finest of velvets; the floor is covered with white bear-skins, and the windows are shrouded by cream-hued velvets and Alençon laces; opposite the low narrow white-lacquered bed stands a matchless alabaster statue representing a weeping Niobe. The pedestal of this exquisite masterpiece is smothered in banks of delicately foliated green plants, and was lighted all night, whether the empress was there or not, by tiny opalescent globes containing perfumed candles. During her long insomnia the poor bereft mother found a sort of comfort in contemplating this, her counterpart, and used to lie with her lovely eyes fixed on the white form so pathetically pure and beautiful.

Those who visited Vienna in 1877 will perhaps remember seeing the little archduchess driving about with her then dearest playfellow, "Mahmoud," the dusky Arab boy whom the empress had brought back with her from her wanderings through the Orient, and whom she used to call her "Little Brown Beetle." Her kindness to Mahmoud was exquisitely touching. His lungs were delicate, and the imperial lady saw to it herself that he should take nourishing food and medicines dispensed by her own hand. In return the young African simply adored her, and never will I forget the way in which his large somber eyes would follow her about, trying to divine her slightest wish. He made it his daily task to attend to the countless flowers and blooming plants with which the empress was always surrounded, and another of his self-imposed and cherished duties was to bring the lighted matches wherewith to ignite the many cigarettes which she smoked during the course of the day. Smoking was a great soothing to Elizabeth, and as she used to say to me often, "It has upon me the effect which stimulants or morphine have on other people—it lulls me into looking upon things in a rosier light, and you see it is quite a harmless and clean way of attaining so agreeable a result!"

But few people have ever realized to what extent Empress Elizabeth carried her private charities. She was not, like so many other wealthy women, satisfied with sending money to the poor; far more refined and delicate was her way of giving, for she preferred to do so in person and almost always incognito—that is to say, she took as many precautions to conceal her good deeds as did her namesake, Elizabeth of Hungary. I remember many a secret errand upon which we went together, unaccompanied by even so much as a servant, at dusk, in the most squalid quarters of Vienna or Buda-Pesth. Dressed in the plainest fashion possible, we wended our way through narrow alleys and ascended damp, mouldy staircases, where it hardly seemed safe to tread, in quest of the dark dens of the truly deserving poor who belong to a class too proud to become actual beggars. Many a sick bed was brightened by the flowers and fruit, of which Elizabeth always insisted upon carrying her fair share. Her sweet face brought light and joy to the miserable wretches rolling their fevered bodies on dingy beds; no sore was too repulsive, no task too fatiguing, for her slender imperial hands; and, instead of the cant which is used by so many when bent on such errands, she would find some encouraging, cheering words of hope and sympathy untainted by religious exaggerations and preachings, which went straight to the heart of the sufferers. Sometimes our adventures in this direction were fraught with rather funny episodes. For instance, late one evening we were riding side by side through a straggling outskirts

of Pesth, followed at the regulation distance by an old and trusty groom. Passing in front of a lonely hovel, separated from the main road by an apology for a garden, where some weeds and gaunt shrubs grew, we were startled by hearing the most awful screams for help, proceeding from the ramshackle, crazy-looking plank building; the voice was that of a woman evidently in the greatest distress. On the impulse of the moment we both leaped from our horses, and, crossing the space which separated us from the door at a dead run, we pushed it open and found ourselves in a villainously dirty room, where a huge ruffian of a man was dragging a woman about the floor by her luxuriant unbound hair, kicking her vigorously as he went. Before I realized what was happening, the empress had laid her heavy hunting-crop about the fellow's ugly face, and so surprised was he at our unexpected apparition and at this vigorous onslaught that he dropped his victim and stared at us in blank amazement. His astonishment was, however, as nothing to ours when the ill-used dame sprang to her feet and, putting her arms akimbo, demanded in shrillest Hungarian and with a torrent of invectives what we hussies meant by interfering with her husband. The empress, who possessed a considerable amount of humor, and in whom the sense of ridicule was singularly developed, burst into a peal of laughter, and, taking from the side pocket of her habit a couple of gold ten-gulden pieces, handed them to this model Benedict, exclaiming: "Beat her, my friend, beat her all she wants; she deserves it for being so loyal to you."

The indomitable courage of Elizabeth was a thing to be marveled at, for it never flinched; she preserved this virtue to the last, else how could she have walked aboard the steamer at Geneva without betraying to any one the fact that she had just received her death-wound?

The press reports may argue that she herself was not conscious of this, but I knew her too well not to realize that her inveterate hatred of any fuss, or of attracting attention upon herself, alone held her upright until she felt to rise no more. So strong was that feeling with her that it made her consider being pitied as almost akin to being shamed. As an illustration thereof I will cite here an incident which to this day I verily believe is known to none. It took place near Tschl some seventeen years ago, but it still stands out as clearly in my memory as if it had occurred yesterday. Always an intrepid mountaineer, the empress delighted in climbing wellnigh inaccessible heights; her slender, fair limbs, as strong as steel in a velvet sheath, would carry her upward to peaks where the "Yagers" themselves found it troublesome to go, but where she claimed that the only air fit to be inhaled in this wide world of ours was to be found. Although not quite so fond as she was herself of these dizzy excursions, I loved her, nevertheless, too well not to accompany her had the road been far more arduous, and often we would even stay overnight in some chalet perched on a ledge of rock at a great altitude of these wild regions.

On the occasion I mean to relate we somehow or other lost our way on the high mountain range which towers above the quaint green little town of Tschl. We had climbed very high up, and night was falling, bringing with it an extremely low temperature—so cold, indeed, was it that, although we were barely in autumn, snowflakes began to drop like great feathery tufts from the darkening sky. On and on we struggled, pausing from time to time to peer into the gathering gloom for the sight of some welcoming light or at least of some familiar landmark. Finally, just as we were almost despairing of getting out of this scrape, the empress pointed with her alpenstock to a reddish glow shining through the increasing curtain of snow, and with renewed courage we quickened our steps toward what we knew to be the beacon-light of a mountain refuge. Neither were we disappointed, and in a few minutes we had obtained admittance into the incommensurable but to us perfectly delightful seclusion of the narrow, stuffy, closed shed, where we were glad enough to take shelter from the now raging storm. In the most democratic fashion we took our places, together with some "Yagers" and herds, around the brightly burning stove, awaiting the moment when we could turn our faces toward Tschl with what patience we could muster. Toward nine o'clock, the wind having chased away the snow-laden clouds, the moon shone forth in a purified sky, and, engaging the services of one of the "Yagers" as a guide, we commenced our perilous descent, risking much to avoid causing anxiety at the imperial villa, where her Majesty was expected. Cautiously we advanced on the slippery rocks, holding on at times to bowlders in order to maintain our equilibrium on the treacherous path. First came the "Yager," an old Tyrolean, as sure-footed as a goat, followed closely by the empress, behind whom I stepped as briskly as circumstances permitted. All of a sudden I saw a jagged bit of a rock detach itself from the precipitous slope we were skirting, and, thundering past the empress, roll with a dull thud into the darkness beyond. A short exclamation from the imperial lady made me inquire whether she was hurt, but receiving no answer and seeing that she did not even slacken her pace, I took no more heed of the affair, having more than enough to do in minding my own progress. The night was far advanced when we at last reached the Kaiser-

villa, and we went straight to our apartments to remove our damp, soil-begrimed clothes before taking some refreshments and then some sleep, of both which commodities we stood sorely in need. As the light from the swinging lamp in the upper hall fell on Elizabeth's face I was struck by its extreme pallor, and also by the fact that her left hand was hidden in the breast of her gray cloth "Yoppe," or hunting jacket. My immediate inquiry brought out a reluctant avowal that the loose stone had fallen directly upon the hand with which she had clung to the rocky wall for support, but I was peremptorily asked "not to make a fuss, and especially not to speak of the matter to a living soul!" Between the two of us we bandaged and bathed the sadly crushed tapering fingers, which must have caused their plucky owner excruciating pain during the long tramp down the mountain-side—but which could neither bring her to wince or to complain, nor prevent her from being through it all the leading spirit of our small party.

On the morrow the empress appeared wearing, as she often did in the house, a pair of suede gloves, and no one ever was allowed to notice what effort it cost her to use those poor maimed fingers.

The empress-queen was a noble woman in the full sense of the word, very silent at times, always brave and resolute, and endowed with a heart so soft and loving, when once one succeeded in reaching it through its outer envelope of assumed coldness, that she truly could be called the one in a million who wins forgiveness and mercy for the rest. She has often been compared to the "Edelweiss"—this ice-blossom which can thrive only in an untainted atmosphere; but this comparison holds good only in so far as her crystal-like purity went, for she was not really icy—simply and beautifully passionless, in the grosser sense of the word; far removed from human frailties and sins. This is what made her the most poetical, most lovable figure among the royalty of Europe. Myself I have always thought that the "Edelweiss" was no fit emblem for the absolutely unique type of blameless womanhood represented by Empress Elizabeth. After all, the "Edelweiss" is easily attainable, and can be procured from the inhabitants of any Alpine village, thus becoming vulgarized; a far likelier simile could be drawn between her and the "Wolfonia Charinthiana," which grows upon the very summit of the Garntnerkogel in her Majesty's beloved Carinthian Mountains, and nowhere else. Like the "Wolfonia," the empress soon drooped in any atmosphere that did not suit her, and her avoidance of just such atmospheres was what caused the ignorant crowd to accuse her of having an unbalanced mind. This was a very great mistake, for there was no more accomplished, level-headed, sagacious woman in the length and breadth of Europe than was Elizabeth. Alone, her horror of the shams and for the narrow conventionalities of modern existence made her avoid as much as possible the requirements of a bauble-loving, vulgar social system; truly an unpardonable crime in the eyes of both classes and masses, and one which led society to punish her for it by screaming over the very housetops that the empress-queen was mentally "unbalanced"! Would to Heaven that there were in this sorry planet of ours more such "unbalanced" minds, and less of those who, from a worldly point of view, are so admirably constructed that they find their greatest joy in tearing to shreds whatever they are unable to understand; namely, that which soars so immeasurably above them.

The void left by the death of her Majesty the empress-queen of Austro-Hungary is one which can never be filled. She was too perfect, too different from other women not to arouse the bitterest criticisms on their part. There were times when the temptation to cast off all trammels and ceremonies became too strong for her to withstand; it was then that she went away, almost alone, on long restless travels, freeing herself thus from the horrible incubus of perpetual show and parade.

Since the crown prince's death she was almost perpetually on the wing; the iron was in her soul, the knotted cords around her waist, but she always bore a brave countenance, for she could not endure that the world should pity her. She was never heard to say an unkind thing or known to do one. Generous to a fault, she had not a trace of selfishness in her grand nature, and always spared those about her as much as possible; but she did not understand the art of forgetting, of laughing and dancing when her heart was full of sorrow; she did not take kindly to fools and their follies, and refused to make a perpetual show-figure of herself for the benefit of a pageant-loving public. Those were her crimes; how unpardonable they were every sensible worldling will readily understand. Her lovely face and her luminous eyes were accused of being too sad. Alas, it was the sadness of a noble nature that has borne the burden of other people's sins and faults, and lack of comprehension. She expected death at any moment, and looked upon it more in the light of a deliverance than in that of a dreaded foe. This, and this alone, brings a shade of comfort to the hearts of those whom she loved and who loved her, for they know that at last she is at rest, and that the throbbing and aching despair which tortured her last years has been lulled by the Mighty Hand of the Great Consoler.





## A PASSAGE-AT-ARMS IN THE HISPANO-AMERICAN CONFLICT

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

### PERSONS:

CAPTAIN DELGADO } Spanish prisoners.  
LIEUTENANT DIAZ }

HELEN AND LUCY.

SCENE.—An American Town where the Spanish Prisoners are quartered. The Dialogue is held in a little Music Store kept by LUCY's Father.

HELEN (looking out the window).

Those odious Spaniards—I despise them so!  
You'd think their faces they would never show;  
But there they come. I think I hear them talk  
In their outlandish tongue!

LUCY.

How well they walk!  
How gracefully, how proudly, not as though  
They were mere prisoners!

HELEN.

I would have them know  
They are just that, mere prisoners, nothing more.  
No country ever acted so before—  
To let its prisoners gad about the street,  
And not be made to feel they've met defeat.

LUCY.

But Nell, you can't deny the Spanish fleet  
Was brave as brave could be, and hard to beat.  
That dear old Admiral—I quite adore  
The ground he walks on! He's so grand ashore.  
What must he be upon his flagship's deck!

HELEN.

You haven't common sense—no, not a speck,  
Or patriotism either; and you ought  
To blush that you could harbor such a thought  
As that you've uttered! It's high treason, too!

LUCY.

High fiddlesticks! What have we girls to do  
With treason high or low?—Why do you keep  
Watching them so? Here, let me take a peep.

(Looks out window, too.)

Goodness! I do believe they're going to stop—  
And father and the clerk not in the shop!  
Helen, can you speak any Spanish?

HELEN.

Maybe:—

Manaña—poco, poco—quien sabe.

LUCY.

Oh, Helen! not that kind! Why didn't we  
Take Spanish in the school?

HELEN.

We couldn't foresee

This supreme moment of our lives, is why.

[Enter the Spanish prisoners, saluting gravely.]

LIEUTENANT DIAZ.

Good-morning, mees, pardin. I like to buy  
One small fine instrument. Zee hands I kiss  
Of you. Zee instrument, she go like zis.

[Pantomime of playing guitar. LUCY blushes,  
looks confused, and remains silent.]

HELEN (impatiently).

How like a silly little goose she stands!  
That nonsense, Lucy, about kissing hands,  
It hasn't any meaning. He's a Latin,  
You know, and must, of course, put that in!

[Addresses the Spaniards, speaking with great  
distinctness, and slightly raising the voice.]

It's a guitar you ask for, is it not?

LIEUTENANT DIAZ.

Not? señorita—I spik Inglis bad;  
Americano Inglis—no. (With a melancholy smile.)

HELEN.

(That's sad

For me! I'll try again.)

Guitar, GUITAR!

Oh, how provoking all these Latins are!  
There's so much sentiment, no matter what  
They say or do!

LIEUTENANT DIAZ (regretfully).

Bien. Gitara no!

Adios. (Turns to go.)



HELEN

LUCY

HELEN.

It's *not* "not" I mean—Oh dear!  
I somehow do not seem to make it clear.  
It is that "*not*" his mind keeps running on.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (*to his friend, detainingly*).  
*La Señorita es muy suave, Juan.*

LUCY (*plucking up courage*).

Your Excellency—(no, that isn't right!)  
Señor, 'twould give my father real delight  
To show you our guitars. Here's one I think you'll like.

[*Hands him a choice guitar. The LIEUTENANT plays an old tune known as "Trigüña Hermosa." It seems to HELEN that the musician especially addressed his playing to LUCY.*

LUCY (*triumphantly to HELEN*).

Never could any Anglo-Saxon strike  
Guitar strings with so marvelous a touch!  
Oh, won't you play some more?

To the LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT DIAZ.

You like it much?  
My friend he sing you well. You hear fine voice.  
El Capitan Delgado. (*Introducing him.*)

HELEN (*to LUCY*).

We've no choice  
It seems—besides, what harm if he should sing?  
Invite him. It's the only gracious thing.  
Your father could not, possibly, object  
If by this means the Spaniard should select  
The instrument that pleases him so well, and *buy*.

LUCY (*with some asperity*).

You always had more artfulness than I.

HELEN (*to the LIEUTENANT*).

Pray, ask your friend (if he will be so kind)  
To sing for us, if he should be inclined,  
Some sad *canzone* of the olden time—

Of knights and ladies in a golden clime—  
Something that sweetly runs in rhyme, rhyme, rhyme!

CAPTAIN DELGADO (*inquiringly*).

—Er-rhyme? I have 'im. You *be* please to hear?

HELEN.

Most certainly. I'll drop the briny tear—

LUCY (*interrupting*).

Helen, for shame! It isn't decorous  
To guy them so. Please, Captain, sing for us.

[*The CAPTAIN sings the old Spanish ballad of The Knight Errant.\**

[*Both ladies are visibly moved by the performance, particularly HELEN, to whom, as it seems to LUCY, the song has chiefly been addressed.*

HELEN.

Thanks—yes, a thousand thanks to both of you.  
(*To LUCY.*)

The most enchanting voice I ever knew;  
It's like a sunbeam falling through the mist!

LUCY.

What modesty in the accompanist.

HELEN.

I wonder what the song was all about?

\* Rendered by Lockhart as follows:

"My ornaments are arms,  
My pastime is in war;  
My bed is cold, upon the wold,  
My lamp, yon star.

"My journeyings are long,  
My slumbers short and broken;  
From hill to hill, I wander still,  
Kissing thy token.

"I ride from land to land,  
I sail from sea to sea;  
Some day more kind, I Fate may find,  
Some night kiss thee."



CAPTAIN DELGADO (sings)—"SOME DAY MORE KIND, I FATE MAY FIND"





HELEN (sings)—"OH, IF THOU BE IN BATTLE, LOVE!"

LUCY (significantly).  
It's full of sentiment—without a doubt!  
[HELEN suddenly rises—goes to an open piano—seats herself, and sings, with much feeling, the following song, to the amazement of LUCY and the profound delight of the Spaniards, particularly that of the CAPTAIN.]

"Oh, if thou be in battle, love,  
And hard by hostile throngs beset,  
I would the foeman's thirsty blade  
Might with my blood, not thine, be wet.

"Or, if thou waste, in prison bounds,  
The day and night in deep despair,  
I would my head might press the stones,  
And thou awaken free as air."

CAPTAIN DELGADO.  
I never hear a music same as zis.  
We mos' oblige. Zee hands we kiss.

[Hastily looks at watch, and then at his companion.]

We too unhappy—but it is to go.  
Alas! Zee señorita may not know  
Zat we are what she call a prisonare.

HELEN (with cordial sympathy).  
It is a shame that you should have to bear  
Such things. I hope that in a few days more  
The government your freedom will restore.

LUCY (maliciously, sotto voce).  
"No country ever acted so before!"

LIEUTENANT DIAZ (to LUCY).  
We buy gitara now. You please to sell?  
Manaña we buy now—if you think well,  
An' mebbe, our Gran' Admiral come sometime,  
He loves canzone—what you call er-rhyme!  
Adios, señoritas.

[The Spaniards take their leave. Afterward, the two girls look at each other searchingly.]

LUCY.  
Who's a goose  
About "those Spaniards" now? And what excuse  
Will you contrive for your impulsive act?

HELEN (thoughtfully).  
Lucy, it's needful sometimes to use tact.  
You do not seem to bear in mind the fact  
That these are foreigners, who hate us so;

They call us pigs! I merely wished to show  
That we Americans good breeding know,  
And treat our vanquished foes politely—

LUCY. Oh!

HELEN.  
They knew so little English, don't you see?  
And we—we knew no Spanish—seems to me  
That music was the only common tongue.

LUCY.  
What if they understood the song you sung?

HELEN.  
Nonsense! How could they understand it, child?

LUCY.  
Pray tell me, how can that be reconciled—

HELEN.  
They couldn't understand the words, but could—

LUCY.  
The tone and feeling?

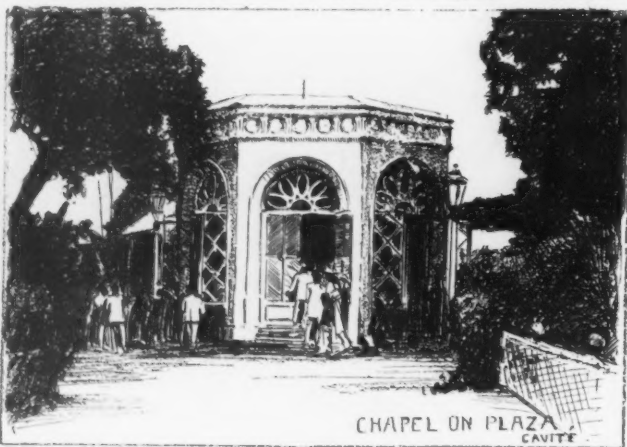
HELEN.  
What a pettish mood—  
Almost a temper you are in to-day!

LUCY.  
Not in the least, my dear. And, anyway,  
It would be great if they should sometime bring  
The Admiral—and, Helen, you shall sing!





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WITH GENERAL MERRITT ON HIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. W. PETERS AND OUR





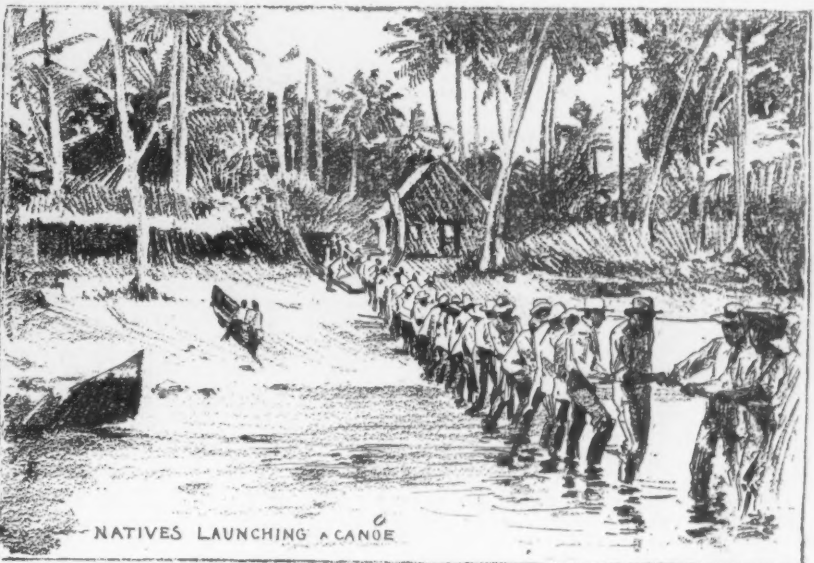
PLAYING CARDS



GOING ASHORE IN A CATAMARAN



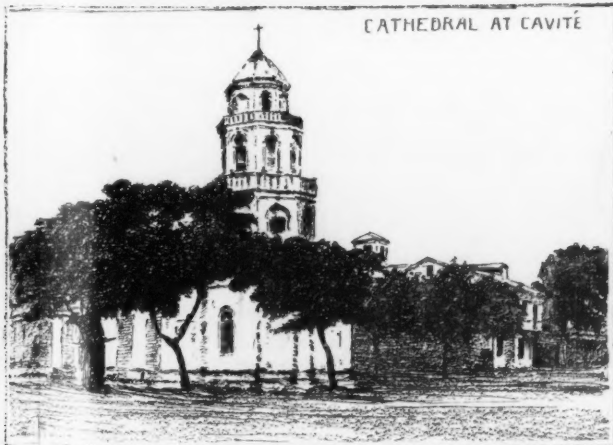
HAULING A CANOE WITH TROOP UP ON THE BEACH



NATIVES LAUNCHING A CANOE



A WORK HOUSE



CATHEDRAL AT CAVITE

T ON HIS WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES

PETERS AND OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS AT MANILA

## ADVENTURES OF A. J. RAFFLES—II

By E. W. HORNING

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## A COSTUME PIECE



LONDON was just then talking of one whose name is already a name and nothing more. Reuben Rosenthal had made his millions on the diamond fields of South Africa, and had come home to enjoy them according to his lights. How he went to work will scarcely be forgotten by any reader of the halfpenny evening papers, which revealed in endless anecdotes of his original indigence and present prodigality, varied with interesting particulars of the extraordinary establishment which the millionaire set up in St. John's Wood. Here he kept a retinue of Kafirs, who were literally his slaves, and hence he would sally, with enormous diamonds in his shirt and on his finger, in the convoy of a prizefighter of heinous repute, who was not, however, by any means the worst element in the Rosenthal menage. So said common gossip, but the fact was sufficiently established by the calling in of the police on at least one occasion, followed by certain magisterial proceedings which were reported with justifiable gusto and huge headlines in the newspapers aforesaid. And this was all my knowledge of Reuben Rosenthal up to the time when the Old Bohemian Club, having fallen on evil days, found it worth its while to organize a great dinner in honor of so wealthy an exponent of the club's principles. I was not at the banquet myself, but a member took Raffles, who told me all about it that very night.

"Most extraordinary show I ever went to in my life," said he. "As for the man himself—well, I was prepared for something grotesque, but the fellow fairly took my breath away. To begin with, he's the most astounding brute to look at, well over six feet, with a chest like a barrel, and a great hook nose, and the reddest hair and whiskers you ever saw. Drank like a fish, but only got drunk enough to make us a speech that I wouldn't have missed for ten pounds. I'm only sorry you weren't there, too, Bunny, old chap."

I began to be sorry myself, for Raffles was anything but an excitable person, and never had I seen him so excited before. Had he been following Rosenthal's example? His coming to my rooms at midnight merely to tell me about his dinner was, in itself, so extraordinary as to excite a suspicion which was certainly at variance with my knowledge of the man.

"What did he say?" I inquired, mechanically, for already I divined some subtler explanation of this visit, and I was wondering what in the world it could be.

"Say?" cried Raffles. "What did he not say! He boasted of his rise, he bragged of his riches, and he blackguarded society for taking him up for his money and dropping him out of sheer pique and jealousy because he had so much. He mentioned names, too, with a most charming freedom, and swore he was as good a man as the old country had to show—pace the old Bohemians. To prove it he pointed to a great diamond in the middle of his shirtfront, with a little finger loaded with another just like it—and which of our bloated princes could show a pair like that? As a matter of fact, they seemed quite wonderful stones, with a curious purple gleam to them, which must mean a pot of money. But old Rosenthal swore he wouldn't take fifty thousand pounds for the two, and wanted to know where the other man was who went about with twenty-five thousand pounds in his shirtfront and another twenty-five thousand pounds on his little finger. He didn't exist. If he did, he wouldn't have the pluck to wear them. But he had—he'd tell us why. And before you could say Jack Robinson he had whipped out a whacking great revolver."

"Not at the table?"

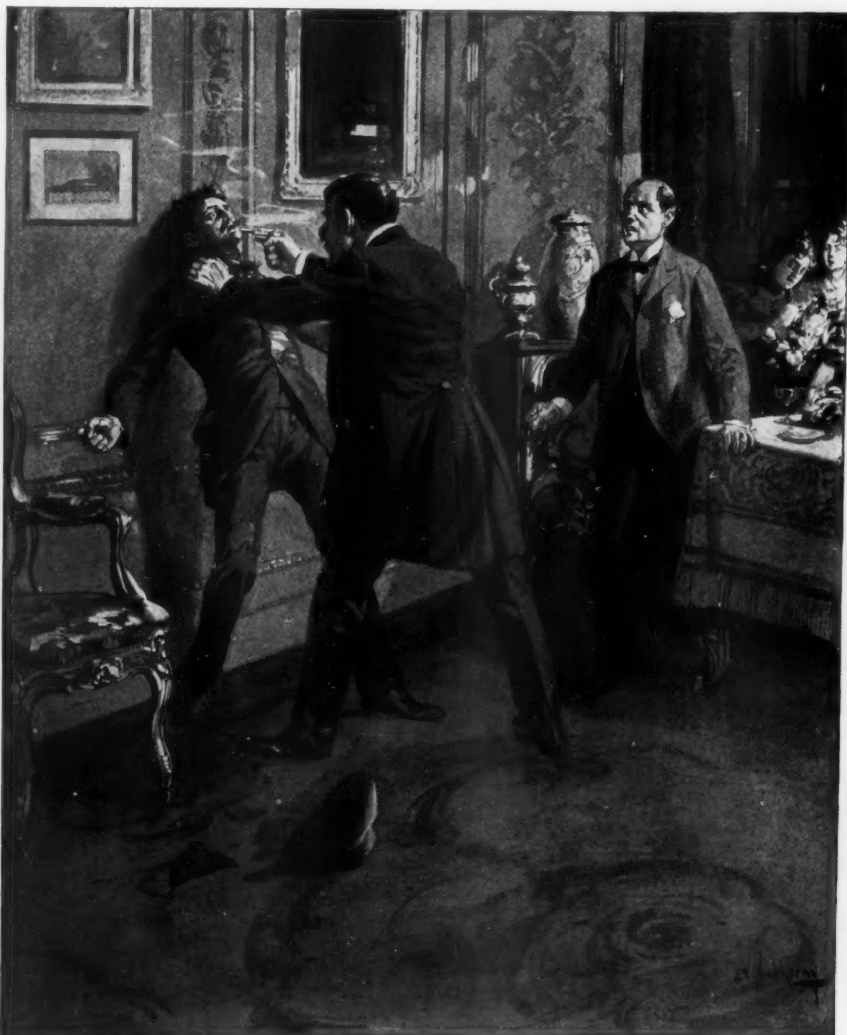
"At the table! in the middle of his speech! But it was nothing to what he wanted to do. He actually wanted us to let him write his name in bullets on the opposite wall to show us why he wasn't afraid to go about in all his diamonds! That brute Purvis, the prizefighter, who is his paid bully, had to bully his master before he could be persuaded out of it. There was quite a panic for the moment; one fellow who was drunk got under the table and the waiters bolted to a man."

"What a grotesque scene!"

"Grotesque enough, but I rather wish we had let him go the whole hog and blaze away. He was as keen as knives to show us how he could take care of his purple diamonds, and do you know, Bunny, I was as keen as knives to see." And Raffles leaned toward me with a sly, slow smile that made the hidden meaning of his visit only too plain to me at last.

"So you think of having a try for his diamonds yourself?"

He shrugged his shoulders.



HE FLUNG ME AGAINST A DOOR AND SENT A BULLET WITHIN AN INCH OF MY EAR

"It is horribly obvious, I admit. But—yes, I have set my heart upon them! To be quite frank, I have had them on my conscience for some time; one couldn't hear so much of the man and his prizefighter and his diamonds without feeling it a kind of duty to have a go for them; but when it comes to brandishing a revolver and challenging the world, the thing becomes inevitable. It is simply thrust upon one. I was fated to hear that challenge, Bunny, and I, for one, must take it up. I was only sorry I couldn't get up and say so then and there."

"Well," said I, "I don't see the necessity as things are with us; but, of course, I'm your man."

My tone may have been half-hearted. I did my best to make it otherwise. But it was barely a month since our Bond Street exploit, and we certainly could afford to behave ourselves for several months to come. I thought we ought to know when we were well off, and could see no point in our running fresh risks before we were obliged. On the other hand, I was anxious not to show the least disposition to break the pledge that I had given a month ago. But it was not on my manifest faint-heartedness that Raffles fastened.

"Necessity, my dear Bunny? Does the writer only write when the wolf is at the door? Does the painter paint for bread alone? Must you and I be driven to crime, like Tom of Bow and Dick of Whitechapel? You pain me, my dear chap; you needn't laugh, because you do. Art for art's sake is a vile catchword, but I confess it appeals to me. In this case my motives are absolutely pure, for I doubt if we shall ever be able to dispose of such peculiar stones. But if I don't have a try for them—after to-night—I shall never be able to hold up my head again."

His eye twinkled, but it glittered, too.

"We shall have our work cut out," was all I said.

"And do you suppose I would be keen on it if we hadn't?" cried Raffles. "My dear fellow, I would rob St. Paul's Cathedral if I could, but I could no more scoop a till when the shopwalker

wasn't looking than I could bag the apples out of an old woman's basket. Even that little business last month was a sordid affair, but it was necessary, and I think its strategy redeemed it to some extent. Now there's some credit, and more sport, in going where they boast they're on their guard against you. The Bank of England, for example, is the ideal crib, but that would need half a dozen of us with years to give to the job, and meanwhile Reuben Rosenthal is high enough game for you and me. We know he's armed. We know how Billy Purvis can fight. It'll be no soft thing, I grant you. But what of that, my good Bunny—what of that? A man's reach must exceed his grasp, dear boy, or what the deuce is a heaven for?"

"I would rather we didn't exceed ours just yet," I answered, laughing, for his spirit was irresistible, and the plan was growing upon me despite my qualms.

"Trust me for that," was his reply. "I'll see you through. After all, I expect to find that the difficulties are nearly all on the surface. These fellows both drink like the devil, and that should simplify matters considerably. But we shall see, and we must take our time. There will probably turn out to be a dozen different ways in which the thing might be done, and we shall have to choose between them. It will mean watching the house for at least a week in any case; it may mean lots of other things that will take much longer; but give me a week, and I will tell you more. That's to say, if you're really on."

"Of course I am," I replied indignantly. "But why should I give you a week? Why shouldn't we watch the house together?"

"Because two eyes are as good as four and take up less room. Never hunt in couples unless you're obliged. But don't you look offended, Bunny; there'll be plenty for you to do when the time comes, that I promise you. You shall have your share of the fun, never fear, and a purple diamond all to yourself—if we're lucky."

On the whole, however, this conversation left me less than lukewarm, and I still remember the depression which came upon me when Raffles



W. Hornung

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was gone. I saw the folly of the enterprise to which I had committed myself—the sheer, gratuitous, unnecessary folly of it. And the paradoxes in which Raffles reveled, and the frivolous casuistry, which was, nevertheless, half sincere, and which his mere personality rendered wholly plausible at the moment of utterance, appealed very little to me when recalled in cold blood. I admired the spirit of pure mischief in which he seemed prepared to risk his liberty and his life, but I did not find it an infectious spirit on calm reflection. Yet the thought of withdrawal was not to be entertained for a moment. On the contrary, I was impatient of the delay ordained by Raffles; and, perhaps, no small part of my secret disaffection came of his galling determination to do without me until the last moment. Since he would tell me nothing of the result of his vigils, I determined to keep one on my own account, and that very evening found my way to the millionaire's front gates.

The house he was occupying is, I believe, quiet the largest in the St. John's Wood district. It stands in the angle formed by two broad thoroughfares, neither of which, as it happens, is a 'bus route, and I doubt if many quieter spots exist within the four-mile radius. Quiet, also, was the great square house, in its garden of grass plots and shrubs; the lights were low, the millionaire and his friends obviously spending the evening elsewhere. The garden walls were only a few feet high. In one there was a side door, opening into a glass passage; in the other, two five-barred, grained-and-varnished gates, one at either end of the little semicircular drive, and both wide open. So still was the place that I had a great mind to walk boldly in and learn something of the premises; in fact, I was on the point of doing so when I heard a quick, shuffling step on the pavement behind me. I turned round, and faced the dark scowl and the dirty clinched fists of a dilapidated tramp.

"You fool!" said he. "You utter idiot."

"Raffles!"

"That's it!" he whispered, savagely; "tell all the neighborhood—give me away at the top of your voice!"

With that he turned his back upon me and shambled down the road, shrugging his shoulders and muttering to himself as though I had refused him alms. A few moments I stood astounded, indignant, at a loss; then I followed him. His feet trailed, his knees gave, his back was bowed, his head kept nodding; it was the gait of a man eighty years of age. Presently he waited for me midway between two lamp-posts. As I came up he was lighting rank tobacco in a cutty-pipe with an evil-smelling match, and the flame showed me the suspicion of a smile.

"You must forgive my heat, old chap, but it really was very foolish of you. Here am I trying every dodge—begging at the door one night, hiding in the shrubs the next—doing every mortal thing but stand and stare at the house as you were doing. It's a costume piece, and in you rush in your ordinary clothes. I tell you they're on the lookout for us night and day. It's the toughest nut I ever tackled."

"Well," said I, "if you had told me so before I shouldn't have come. You told me nothing."

He looked hard at me from under the broken brim of a battered billycock.

"You're right," he said at length. "I've been too close. It's become second nature with me when I've anything on. But here's an end of it, Bunny, so far as you're concerned. I'm going home now, and I want you to follow me; but for Heaven's sake keep your distance, and don't speak to me again till I speak to you. There—give me a start." And he was off again, a decrepit vagabond, with his hands in his pockets, his elbows squared and frayed coat-tails swinging raggedly from side to side.

I followed him to the Finchley road. There he took an Atlas omnibus, and I sat some rows behind him on the top, but not far enough to escape the pest of his vile tobacco. That he could carry his character sketch to such a pitch—he who would only smoke one brand of cigarettes! It was the last, least touch of the insatiable artist, and it charmed away what mortification there still remained in my spirit. I felt once more the fascination of a comrade who was forever dazzling one with a fresh and unsuspected facet of his character.

As we neared Piccadilly I wondered what he would do. Surely he was not going into the Albany like that? No, he took another omnibus to Sloane Street, I sitting behind him as before. At Sloane Street we changed again, and were presently in the long lean artery of the King's Road. I was now all agog to know our destination, nor was I kept many minutes in doubt. Raffles got down. I followed. He crossed the road and disappeared up a dark turning. I pressed after him, and was in time to see his coat-tails as he plunged into a still darker flagged alley to the right. He was holding himself up and stepping out like a young man once more; also, in some subtle way, he already looked less disreputable. But I alone was there to see him, the alley was absolutely deserted, and desperately dark. At the further end he opened a door with a latchkey, and it was darker yet within.

Instinctively I drew back, and heard him chuckle. We could no longer see each other. "All right, Bunny," said he. "There's no hanky-panky this time. These are studios, my friend, and I'm one of the lawful tenants."

Indeed, in another minute we were in a lofty room with skylight, easels, dressing cupboard, platform, and every other adjunct save the signs of actual labor. The first thing I saw, as Raffles lighted the gas, was its reflection in his top hat on the pegs beside the rest of his normal garments.

"You never told me you went in for disguises," said I, watching him as he cleansed the grime from his face and hands.

"No, Bunny, I've treated you very shabbily all round. By the way, I only hope I've got something that'll fit you, for you'll want a rig for to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night!" I exclaimed. "Why, what do you mean to do?"

"The trick," said Raffles. "I intended writing to you as soon as I got back to my chambers, to ask you to look me up to-morrow afternoon; then I was going to unfold my plan of campaign and take you straight into action then and there. There's nothing like putting the nervous players in first; it's the sitting with their pads on that upsets their apple-cart, and that was another of my reasons for being so confoundedly close. You must try to forgive me. I remembered how well you played up last trip, without any time to weaken on it beforehand. All I want is for you to be as cool and smart to-morrow night as you were then—though, by Jove, there's no comparison between the two cases."

"I thought you would find it so."

"You were right. I have. Mind you, I don't say this will be the tougher job all round; we shall probably get in without any difficulty at all; it's the getting out again that may flummox us. That's the worst of an irregular household!" cried Raffles, with quite a burst of virtuous indignation. "I assure you, Bunny, I spent the whole of Monday night in the shrubbery of the garden next door looking over the wall, and, if you'll believe me, somebody was about all night long. I don't mean the Kaffirs. I don't believe they ever get to bed at all, poor devils! No, I mean Rosenthal himself, and that pasty-faced beast Purvis. They were up and drinking from midnight, when they came in, to broad daylight, when I cleared out. Even then I left them sober enough to slang each other. By the way, they very nearly came to blows in the garden, within a few yards of me, and I heard something that might come in useful and make Rosenthal shoot crooked at a critical moment. You know what an I. D. B. is?"

"Illicit diamond buyer?"

"Exactly. Well, it seems that Rosenthal was one. He must have let it out to Purvis in his cups. Anyway, I heard Purvis taunting him with it, and threatening him with the break-water at Capetown; and I begin to think our friends are friend and foe. But about to-morrow night: there's nothing subtle in my plan. It's simply to get in while these fellows are out on the loose, and to lie low till they come back, and longer. If possible we must doctor the whisky. That would simplify the whole thing, though it's not a very sporting game to play. Still, we must remember Rosenthal's revolver; we don't want him to sign his name on us. With all those Kaffirs about, however, it's ten to one on the whisky, and one hundred to one against us if we go looking for it. A brush with the heathen would spoil everything, if it did no more. Besides, there are the ladies—"

"The deuce there are!"

"Ladies with an i, and the very voices for raising Cain. I fear, I fear the clamor! It would be fatal to us. Au contraire, if we can manage to stow ourselves away unbeknown half the battle will be won. If Rosenthal turns in drunk, it's a purple diamond apiece; if he sits up sober, it may be a bullet instead. We will hope not, Bunny; and all the firing wouldn't be on one side; but it's on the knees of the gods."

It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when we took up our position in the garden adjoining that of the Rosenthal menage. The house itself was shut up, thanks to the outrageous libertine next door, who, by driving away the neighbors, had gone far toward delivering himself into our hands. Practically secure from surprise on that side, we could watch our house from the safe side of a wall just high enough to see over, while a fair margin of shrubs in either garden afforded us additional protection. Thus intrenched, we had stood an hour, watching a pair of lighted bow windows, with vague shadows flitting continually across the drawn blinds, and listening to the drawing of corks, the clink of glasses and a gradual crescendo of coarse voices within. Our luck seemed to have deserted us. The owner of the purple diamonds was dining at home, and dining at undue length. I thought it was a dinner party. Raffles differed. In the end he proved to be right. Wheels grated in the drive; a carriage and pair stood at the steps. There was a stampede from the dining-room, and the loud voices died away, to burst forth presently from the porch.

Let me make our position perfectly clear. We were over the wall, at the side of the house, but a few feet from the dining-room windows. On our right one angle of the building cut the back lawn diagonally; on our left, another angle just permitted us to see the jutting steps and the waiting carriage. We saw Rosenthal come out, saw the glimmer of his diamonds before anything. Then came the pugilist; then a lady with a tremendous head of hair; then another, and the party was complete.

Raffles ducked, and pulled me down in great excitement.

"They'll be clearing away. Yes, here come their shadows. The drawing-room windows open on the lawn. Bunny, it is the psychological moment. Where's that mask?"

I produced it with a hand whose trembling I tried in vain to still, and could have died for Raffles when he made no comment on what he could not fail to notice. His own hands were firm and cool as he adjusted my mask for me, and then his own.

"By Jove, old boy!" he whispered, cheerily, "you look about the greatest ruffian I ever saw! These masks alone will down a nigger, if we meet one. But I'm glad I remembered to tell you no to shave. You'll pass for Whitechapel if the worst comes to the worst, and you don't forget to talk the lingo. Better, though, to sulk like a mule if you're not sure of it, and leave the lip to me; but, please our stars, there will be no need. Now, are you ready?"

"Quite!"

"Then follow me."

In an instant we were over the wall, in another on the lawn behind the house. There was no moon. The very stars in their courses had veiled themselves for our benefit. I crept at my leader's heels to some French windows opening upon a shallow veranda. He pushed. They yielded.

"Luck again," he whispered; "nothing but luck! Now for a light."

And the light came.

A good score of electric burners glowed red for the fraction of a second, then rained merciless white beams into our blinded eyes. When we found our sight four revolvers covered us, and between two of them the colossal frame of Reuben Rosenthal shook with a wheezy laughter from head to foot.

"Good-evening, boys," he hiccupped. "Glad to see ye, by G—! Shift foot or finger, you on the left, though, and you're a dead boy. I mean you, you greaser!" he roared out at Raffles. "I know you. I've been waitin' for you. I've been watchin' you all this week. Plucky smart you thought yourself, didn't you? One day beggin', next time shammin' tight, and next one o' them old pals, from Kimberley what never come when I'm in. But you left the same tracks every day, you buggins, an' the same tracks every night all round the blessed premises."

"All right, gov'nor," drawled Raffles; "don't excite. It's a fair cop. We don't sweat to know 'ow you brung it off. On'y don't you go for to shoot, 'cos we 'int awmed, s'help me Gawd."

"Ah, you're a knowing one," said Rosenthal, fingering his triggers. "But you've stuck a knowinger."

"Ho, yuss, we know all abaht thet! Set a thief to ketch a thief—ho, yuss."

My eyes had torn themselves from the round black muzzles, from the accursed diamonds that had been our snare, the pasty pig face of the over-fed pugilist, and the flaming cheeks and hook nose of Rosenthal himself. I was looking beyond them at the doorway filled with quivering silk and blush, black faces, white eyeballs, woolly pates. But a sudden silence recalled my attention to the millionaire. And only his nose retained its color.

"What d'ye mean?" he whispered, with a hoarse oath. "Spit it out, or I'll drill you!"

"Whort price thet brikewater?" drawled Raffles coolly.

"Eh?"

Rosenthal's revolvers were describing widening orbits.

"Whort price thet brikewater—old I. D. B.?"

"Where the—did you get that from?" asked Rosenthal with a rattle in his thick neck, meant for mirth.

"You may well arst," says Raffles. "It's all over the place w'ere I come from."

"Who can have spread such rot?"

"I dunno," says Raffles. "Arst the gentleman on yer left; p'rhaps 'e knows."

The gentleman on his left had turned livid with emotion. Guilty conscience never declared itself in plainer terms. For a moment his small eyes bulged like currants in the suet of his face; the next, he had pocketed his pistols on a professional instinct, and was upon us with his fists.

"Out o' the light—out o' the light!" yelled Rosenthal in a frenzy.

He was too late. No sooner had the burly pugilist obstructed his fire than Raffles was through the window at a bound; while I, for standing still and saying nothing, was scientifically felled to the floor.

I cannot have been many moments without my senses. When I recovered them there was a great to-do in the garden, but I had the drawing-room to myself.

For an instant I thought that the hall also was deserted. I was wrong, and I crept upon a Kaffir on all fours. Poor devil, I could not bring myself to deal him a base blow, but I threatened him most hideously with my revolver, and left the white teeth chattering in his black head as I took the stairs three at a time. Why I went upstairs in that decisive fashion as though it were my only course I cannot explain. But garden and ground floor seemed alive with men, and I might have done worse.

I turned into the first room I came to on the first floor. It was a bedroom—empty, though lighted up; and never shall I forget how I started as I entered, on encountering the awful villain that was myself at full length in a pier-



I FACED THE DARK SCOWL AND THE DIRTY, CLINCHED FISTS OF A DILAPIDATED TRAMP

glass. Masked, armed and ragged—I was indeed fit carrion for a bullet or the hangman, and to one or the other I made up my mind. Nevertheless, I hid myself in the wardrobe behind the mirror, and there I stood shivering and cursing my fate, my folly, and Raffles most of all—Raffles first and last—for I daresay half an hour. Then the wardrobe door was flung suddenly open; they had stolen into the room without a sound, and I was hauled downstairs, an ignominious captive. I remember wondering how long it would be before the police appeared. Purvis and the ladies were for calling them in and giving me in charge without delay. Rosenthal would not hear of it. He swore that he would shoot man or woman who left his sight. He had had enough of the police. He was not going to have them

coming there to spoil sport; he was going to deal with me in his own way. With that he dragged me from all other hands, flung me against a door, and sent a bullet crashing through the wood within an inch of my ear.

"You drunken fool! It'll be murder!" shouted Purvis, getting in the way a second time.

"Murder be damned! He's armed, isn't he? I shot him in self-defense. It'll be a warning to others. Will you stand aside, or do you want it yourself?"

Next instant the prize-fighter disarmed him, and I was safe from the devil, but finally doomed to the deep sea. A policeman was in our midst. He had entered through the drawing-room window; he was an officer of few words and creditable promptitude. In a twinkling he had the

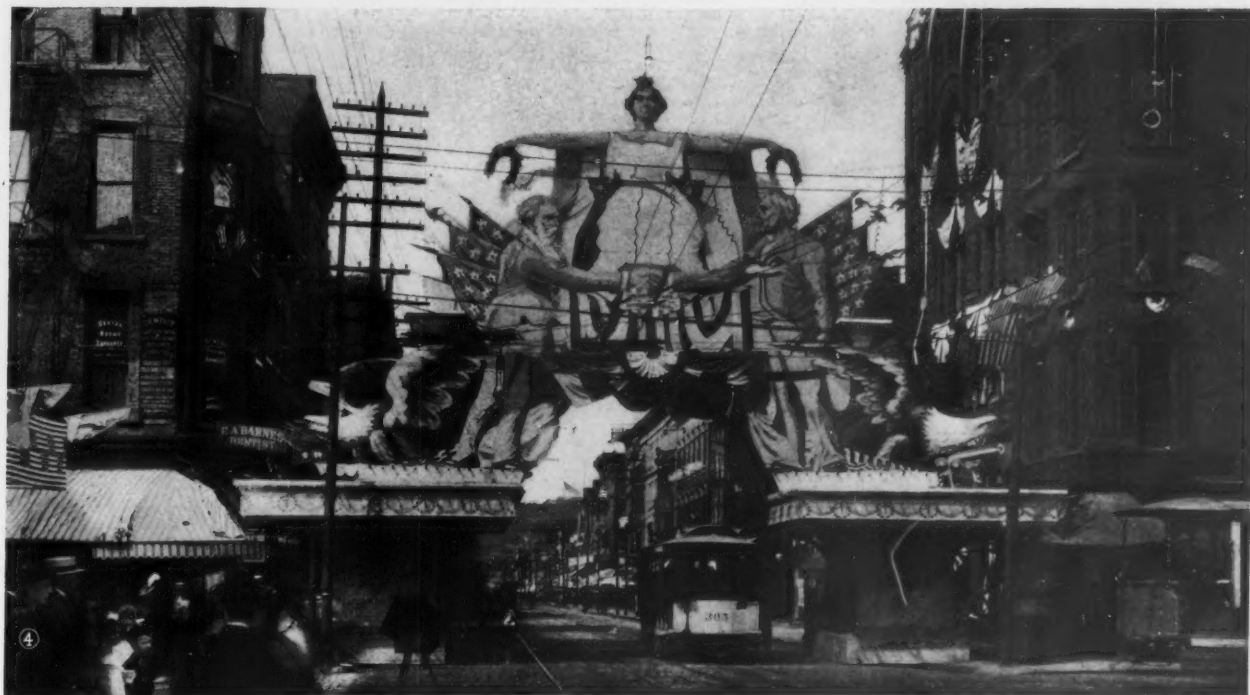
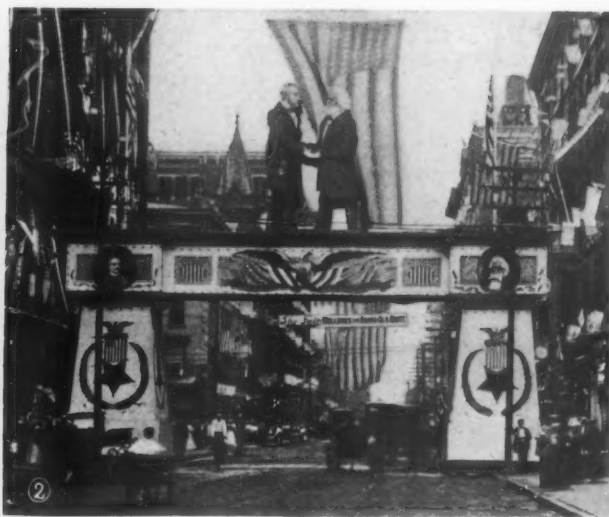
handcuffs on my wrists, while the pugilist explained the situation, and his patron reviled the force and its representative with impotent malignity.

In silence we traversed perhaps a hundred yards. It must have been midnight. We did not meet a soul. At last I whispered:

"How on earth did you manage it?"

"Purely by luck!" said Raffles. "I had the luck to get clear away through knowing every brick of those back-garden walls, and the double luck to have these togs with the rest over at Chelsea. The helmet is one of a collection I made up at Oxford. Here it goes over this wall, and we'd better carry the coat and belt before we meet a real officer. I got them once for a fancy ball—ostensibly—and thereby hangs a yarn."





THIRTY-SECOND ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER 10

1. Arch at Race and Fourth Streets. 2. Colored Citizens' Arch at Race and Seventh Streets. 3. "The Lambs"—Schuyler Post, No. 51, G. A. R., of Pennsylvania. 4. Arch at Vine and Twelfth Streets.



SCENE FROM "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE

## THE DRAMA

IT'S the most British thing that has ever been given in New York," I heard a man remark as I left the Madison Square Theatre the other night after the performance of "A Brace of Partridges." He was an old man and he spoke with authority, and I was very glad to agree with him. It was certainly the most British play I had ever seen. Its humor was of the kind that used to fill the pages of "Punch" a quarter of a century ago, long before the periodical could possibly claim to be what Mr. Zangwill calls a "comic Punch." If you were to look back in the pages of "Punch" you would undoubtedly find not only many of the jokes but in dozens of forms the very idea that the piece is built on. It is a dreadfully old idea of the confusion of identities, but even at so antiquated a period as the present a dramatist occasionally comes along who by originality of treatment makes it seem deliciously fresh and humorous. The author of "A Brace of Partridges," Mr. Robert Ganthony, is unfortunately not one of them. Originality of treatment is absurdly out of his line; not an atom of originality is to be found in his piece. As I followed it, I could not help wondering if he had tried not to be original, in accordance with the advice of some astute Briton who had gone into the theatrical business for "what there was in it." I even pictured that manager, short and fat, with red mutton-chop whiskers and with an enormous checked waistcoat, delivering instructions somewhat like this: "Now I want you to give me what the British public wants, and the British public don't want any of your 'high-toned,' 'high-comedy' stuff. What they want is jokes that they can understand first-off an' lively business, a lot of dancin' round on the stage an' all that." And I can fancy Mr. Robert Ganthony walking slowly home in dull despair, resolving not to tell his wife. Every writer at one time or another experiences despair like that, and, as we say of fog, it always "lifts" after a time. In the case of Mr. Ganthony, if it ever existed at all, it certainly lifted, for "A Brace of Partridges" bears in every scene the mark of the earnest and cheerful toiler who loves his work even if he puts no inspiration into it, and who faithfully carries out his contract. Certainly his manager must have been pleased with the way he achieved his task, and I can see "A Brace of Partridges," after a triumphal run in London, sweeping through the provinces amid the guffaws of the British Philistines, elbowing one another in their desire not to miss any of the fun. That is, perhaps, as it should be. Let the Britons enjoy their humor in peace. But that such stupid stuff should be offered to an American audience and received with delight is quite another and a far more serious matter. For I must confess that the audience the other night enjoyed "A Brace of Partridges." They laughed at the stale witticisms; they accepted as human beings the sawdust characters; they reveled in the "marked-up," machine-made situations—even in those situations preceding the dropping of the curtain, where the characters dashed wildly about the stage, creating a scene of mad confusion. I thought we had passed beyond such humor and such horse-play. But that little British manager in the big waistcoat knew better.

This very British piece was acted by an extremely British company—"The Strand Comedy Company," the playbill calls it, "from the Strand Theatre, London." So there could be no possible mistake about the local color. I had seen caricatures of Britons like the young man representing The Hon. Arthur Partridge, but I had never supposed that an original existed that was really like them. The Hon. Arthur Partridge was serious, intense and affected, a thorough prig, and he reminded me of Mr. Richard Mansfield's worst

creation (after Richard III.)—Dr. Jekyll. It was not until the same performer—whose name, by the way, was Mr. H. Reeves-Smith—appeared as the cousin, Alfred Partridge, a much more possible young man, that I saw what the actor was up to in trying to create two distinct personalities simply by the aid of a change of manner. A most difficult task, by the way, as Mr. Mansfield could readily explain, and as Sir Henry Irving could explain, too, with perhaps much less embarrassment, by a reference to his marvelous work in "The Lion's Mail." So if Mr. Reeves-Smith's success was only half a success, he might be easily excused. Moreover, all the actors might find shelter for their shortcomings behind Mr. Ganthony's artificial piece, which handicapped them from the start. How can an actor characterize with any skill when the lines given him are wholly out of character? Here, too, however, I must acknowledge that I differed from the rest of the audience. The work of the players gave high satisfaction. Roughly speaking, I can say that they were far better than the piece, and about as good as the average of our own traveling companies. Mr. H. Reeves-Smith as the Brace of Partridges had a double role that must make all other actors who see him sick with envy; so "fat" a part seldom falls to any actor. Mr. Reeves-Smith played with a coarse effectiveness. The same may be said of the other performers. Not one of them showed fineness.

But fineness in acting is a rare quality. On our own stage Mr. Cyril Scott comes very near possessing it. If he persists in appearing in comic opera, however, he may never acquire it. There is nothing that tends so quickly to vulgarize our actors as the comic opera or the "musical comedies," as they are sometimes called, that are now having a vogue in this country. Mr. Cyril Scott is a very charming light comedian, with just a suggestion in his manner of too much ease, of something that borders on flippancy; this fault, unhappily, becomes a merit in the eyes of audiences that see him in "A Runaway Girl," which is at present having a good success at Daly's Theatre. Just why he should have gone into comic opera at all is amazing; every time he tries to sing he has practically to make an apology to the audience. Singing, however, so far as the principal performers are concerned, is of secondary importance in this performance. Miss Virginia Earl cannot sing well, though she is clever enough to use with some effectiveness what voice she has, and Mr. James Powers has not even the ghost of a singing voice; Mr. Herbert Gresham can sing, but he seldom does, and Miss Paula Edwards, in the character of a pretended gypsy girl from Tottenham Court Road, London, shows gifts so exceptional as a character-actress that you hardly realize whether she has a voice or not. These actors help conspicuously to carry the burden of an entertainment that is first of all refreshingly decent and wholesome, and that, without ever rising to brilliancy, seldom sinks to inanity and maintains a fair average of humor. "A Runaway Girl" is not nearly as clever as "The Circus Girl," but clever enough to please the average audience. Those who saw Mr. Parsons, for example, in that amusingly absurd piece, will regret that he has not been given a better chance. Indeed, the poorest work of the librettists, Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Harry Nichols, has been assigned to him. He has elaborated it with almost touching zeal, and at times he is deliciously droll. Mr. Powers is one of the best low comedians we have, and he deserves more appreciation than he has received in recent seasons. The music written for the comedy—by no less than four composers, including Ivan Caryll—is extremely pretty, especially the chorus music, well sung by a troop of wonderfully garbed and comely young women. The

stage-settings, like the costumes, are very beautiful. Altogether, the production is one of the most elaborate seen in New York in recent years, with a long list of performers that must in itself mean a large sum to be expended each week in salaries.

The librettist of "The Charlatan," recently presented for the first time on any stage at the Knickerbocker Theatre, was far more economical. He wrote a "book" that contained comparatively few people. The chief of these was Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who held the center of the stage most of the time. Mr. Hopper is one of the few comedians we have who can sing as well as act, consequently he ought to do far better work than he does. In this instance, the fault is not wholly his; some blame should be laid at the door of the librettist. But in writing "The Charlatan" Mr. Charles Klein evidently had Mr. Hopper and the Hopper peculiarities in mind. So perhaps both librettist and comedian dragged each other down. The result was an extremely vulgar and tedious exhibition. Mr. Klein's book could hardly be cheaper or contain a more plentiful lack of wit; some of the expedients resorted to were really pitiful. His lyrics had a certain sparkle, however, and they enabled Mr. John Philip Sousa to show how tuneful, how versatile and how dramatic he could be with his compositions. The superficial brilliancy of the music and the lavishness of the production, together with Mr. Hopper's popularity, may give "The Charlatan" some success for one season. But Mr. Hopper cannot keep his hold on the public if he continues to produce such work as this. His supporting company, moreover, is very feeble. Miss Nella Bergen makes a ponderous prima donna, but her voice does not meet the requirements; and, as for Miss Alice Judson, the new soubrette, her vivacity will hardly atone for her very slight gifts as a singer.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre Mr. Charles Coghlan has made his reappearance as the actor. Clarence, in his own adaptation from the well-known play of "Kean" by the elder Dumas, produced with success here last season under the title of "The Royal Box." Besides being an exceptionally skillful adaptation, "The Royal Box" is interesting for several reasons, among others for the bold experiment tried by the original dramatist in introducing a scene where the actor is represented as playing in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" while several of the other characters are watching from a box. The experiment hardly justifies itself, and yet for its very novelty one cannot regret that it was made. If tried by a less clever craftsman than Dumas, it might have resulted in ridiculous failure. Dumas has kept it from failure, but he has not been able to invest it with illusion. It stands out from the rest of the piece like an excrescence. The production enables one of the greatest of living actors to appear to brilliant advantage. Mr. Coghlan's art is essentially the art of deliberateness; he never forces an effect, he plays with absolute simplicity and directness, making the most of every detail of inflection, gesture and stage business. Everything he does is done with supreme intelligence and with taste. It is easy to advise young actors to model themselves upon him; but can any model give an actor intelligence and taste? Still, all actors can learn from Mr. Coghlan the important lesson of deliberateness, of never resorting to the common devices of slurring their lines and of resorting to ornamental effects. Mr. Coghlan has made a few changes in his company. The chief woman's part, Celia Pryse, is now taken by Miss Katherine Grey, an actress of unusual temperament, who plays with simplicity and feeling.

JOHN D. BARRY.







THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT MORRISTOWN—MACDONALD DRIVING

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON  
FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

## THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

THE Morristown Golf Club on general principles does not believe in Sunday play, and therefore its links are closed from Saturday night until Monday morning. This is a sore trial to the business and sporting members, whose golfing days are Saturdays and Sundays. Their only "balm of Gilead" in this instance is the Baltusrol Club, which is situated at Short Hills only a short distance away. However, this Sunday rule was a veritable godsend to the Executive Committee managing the championships, as it gave them one whole day to put the links in order before the opening play on Monday morning. It was rather remarkable that the new course did not show more signs of wear and tear after the tremendous hammering of the week's preliminary play. There was little or no damage done that could not be repaired, and consequently Monday morning found the course in the pink of condition. Talk about weather! No tournament in any country has ever been blessed with such days as greeted the contestants of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Sunshine everywhere—no wind, no clouds, no heat—just green grass and ozone. It was an early morning start, indeed, the first pair leaving the tee at half-past seven, and pair after pair followed under a few minutes headway.

All the early starters were very much worried for fear that the running and putting greens would be heavy with dew; the running greens they thought they could circumnavigate with care, but the putting greens were the more seri-

ous proposition. They were comforted, however, by the thought that it was much better to play on heavy, dew-laden greens than to be compelled to wait many hours before they could get their start.

It was not to be supposed that everything could go off as scheduled, with so large a number of contestants, and consequently some of the men did not get started until nearly noon.

As was stated in a previous issue Champion Wigham did put in an appearance, a little worn to be sure, and very thin and hollow-eyed, but always a "dead-game sport." It was marvelous that he could even be present, let alone play; he did not qualify, and undoubtedly he was well aware that he could not, but he will never regret his decision in this matter, and indeed he must have been fully repaid for all the effort it cost him after his reception on the first tee as he started out to play.

The gold medal for the best score was won by Joseph H. Choate, Jr., of Harvard University. He made his first round in 88, and his second in 87, a total of 175 for the thirty-six holes. This is very consistent golf, but it came as somewhat of a surprise to all. It was as much of a surprise to Choate himself, but it was well won, and deserves great credit. It is the first time that any tangible results in a championship meet has come to a homebred golfer.

Choate was closely followed by Walter Smith of Yale, McDonald of Chicago, and Crowell of Yale, all tying with a score of 178 for second place—by the way not such a bad showing for the universities. Analyzing Smith's score we notice that the twelfth hole cost him a ten, and the fourteenth hole a seven, holes which should be done in 6 and 4 respectively. This ten was the only double figure that was made in any round among the men that qualified, and Smith might be justified in thinking that a little hard luck se-

creted itself somewhere about his person. If he could have managed to have brought off these holes in even respectable figures he would easily have won the gold medal. He made an 83 for his first round, which is championship golf and very close to the record, and an exceedingly meritorious performance.

The college golfers were the most prominent on the first day in medal play, an even ten qualifying. Low scores were not the order of the day, and this was excusable on account of the necessarily long waits before and after starting, which made the players nervous. The congestion during play was due to the contestants repeatedly driving out of bounds, which required them, by local rule, to take the ball back to the point from where the shot was played with the loss of stroke and distance. Taking it all in all there was not a very great number of disappointments among the class that did not qualify—Clark, Jr., Share, Leeds and Robertson the most conspicuous.

The second day's play, which was the first day of match play, brought about the defeat of Joseph H. Choate, Jr., the winner of the gold medal of the previous day, who was easily disposed of by Walter Smith, the Yale champion, by a score of 8 up and seven to play. This was a pretty severe drubbing, but in no wise detracted from the merit of Choate's performance in medal play of the day before. His opponent was one of the very best in the field, and his defeat merely suggests what a wide difference there is between medal and match play. The Douglas-Curtis match was by far the most interesting of the day. Curtis is too good a player to allow any man a walkover, but we fancy that this match found Curtis at his worst, and, as we stated previously, he has been over-golfed for some time and had no chance against a seasoned veteran like Douglas. He was rather easily disposed of by a score of 6 up and five to play.

There was really only one surprise, and that

JOHN REID, JR.,  
St. Andrew's.EX-CHAMPION WIGHAM,  
Onwentsia.WALTER B. SMITH,  
Chicago.FOXHALL KEENE,  
Newport.HINDLAY DOUGLAS,  
Fairfield.



was the Thorpe-Wright match. Thorpe was the runner-up two years ago, and is rather an outsider as to form, while Wright is the exponent of the so-called "good form" school. Wright was defeated by 3 up, and two to play.

The Reid-Cochrane match created some comment, for no one expected that Cochrane would offer any such resistance. Reid finally won by 2 up and one to play, both men making an 88 on the first round.

The third day brought out some very interesting golf—possibly the most exciting match being between Keene and Tyng. Keene, to the surprise of many, finished the first round three up, making a score of 90 to Tyng's 93, rather mediocre golf. This lead he increased in the afternoon by two more holes, finally defeating Tyng, 5 up and four to play.

Douglas was not expected to have very much trouble with A. H. Smith, and one can imagine the astonishment of the gallery when they ascertained that Smith was one up at the end of the morning's play; but the pace was too much for Smith, and Douglas, in the afternoon, not only made up his losses of the morning, but defeated his opponent by 4 up and three to play.

The most interesting match was between McDonald and Reid, Jr. Reid is a most admirable match player and McDonald had his hands full all day long. McDonald made his first round in 86, and Reid in 88, McDonald winning in the end by 3 up and two to play. Both these men have played the most consistent golf of the week, Reid especially so.

Walter Smith of Yale defeated his old time antagonist Bayard of Princeton by 2 up. Smith is playing great golf and looks formidable.

Fowle and Lynch had the honor of finishing all even at the end of 36 holes, the first match to result in a tie during the championship. It was an agonizing time for both. Fowle won the odd hole, making the match read 1 up in 37 holes. Travis and Coats both beat their man by 7 up, and Stillman had an easy time with Morten, winding up the day with 4 holes to his credit. This leaves Travis, Stillman, McDonald, Douglas, Coats, Walter Smith, Fowle and Keene for the fourth day's play. McDonald, Douglas and Coats represent the class that learned their golf abroad. Travis and Keene represent the class of older players who developed their game in this country. Smith is the sole representative of the universities, and Stillman and Fowle are the outsiders. It may be noticed that the "Young Fry" have fallen by the wayside.

The weather for the fourth day's play, while hardly as pleasant for spectators, was to the golfers' liking, a slight drizzle and gray skies affording relief from the strong sunlight of the preceding days. The Keene-Travis match was the "drawing-card" of the day, and quite a number of enthusiasts followed the Oakland players on their round. The match was hotly contested. Travis's two phenomenal puts having much to do with his ultimate victory. His play was more consistent than Keene's, who sliced several drives and was bunkered more than once. Keene's judgment was good, however, throughout, and in two instances conspicuously better than Travis's—in the play, namely, for the fifth and eighth holes. His 3 for the seventh hole, better than Bogey, was particularly fine and involved a nicely calculated put on a "rolling" green.

Findlay Douglas had a comparatively easy task in disposing of James Stillman (Newport). The latter is a strong driver and good uphill player, but lacks the "form" and experience of a first-class golfer. Douglas's 36 for the first nine holes and 76 for the course creates a new record and shows how he is "warming up" to his work.

Few expected that Coats would be able to de-

feat Macdonald, but the latter's decisive victory (9 up and 7 to play) came in the nature of a surprise. Coats had an "off" day, however, while Macdonald played with perfect consistency.

The Smith-Fowle match was a foregone conclusion, and the former's victory by 7 up to 6 to play was a hollow one. The general results of the day's play were gratifying, inasmuch as they brought together in the semi-finals the two Eastern representatives, Walter Travis and Findlay Douglas, and the two Western players, Macdonald and Walter Smith. It could not have worked out more prettily, as it assures the meeting of East and West in the finals.

Gray weather still pursued the golfers on the fifth day, and a THE SEMI-FINALS bedraggled crowd of spectators followed the Travis-Douglas match. They were amply rewarded, however, by some splendid golf. Travis, though he did not play with his former steadiness and was wofully "off" in putting, yet made a game struggle. His wonderful brace on the morning round, when he won the fourteenth and fifteenth holes in successive 3's and evened up the score, brought forth the heartiest applause of the day. Douglas played almost perfect golf throughout, and had evidently improved rather than deteriorated from his four days' continuous play.

The Smith-Macdonald match, which carried most of the afternoon audience, resulted in an easy win for Smith. His dashing play simply played havoc with Macdonald's "shorter" game. His driving showed terrific power and, for the most part, marvelous accuracy. Macdonald gained on the greens by his superior putting, but his short approaches were little better than those of the Yale man.

On the sixth and last day Douglas THE FINALS and Smith were followed by the largest crowd that ever witnessed all of a golf match in America. Each player was very uneven in his work, but the championship finally went to Douglas.

POLO The polo championship, as the culminating event of each season's play, is usually anticipated by enthusiasts with keen interest. This year, however, the championship holds forth little promise to lovers of the game. But two teams are entered, and there is little likelihood of a close contest between them. Meadowbrook, represented by the same team as last year with the exception of Baldwin, who plays instead of Nicoll, should find little difficulty in defeating Philadelphia, represented by two Devon and two County Club players. Under the handicap, it might be possible for Philadelphia to win: playing on even terms Meadowbrook outclasses them at every point. The teams are likely to line up as follows:

Meadowbrook	Philadelphia
No. 1. W. C. EUSTIS	J. B. LIPPINCOTT, JR.
" 2. THOS. HITCHCOCK JR. (cap'n)	GEO. KENDRICK, 3d
" 3. C. C. BALDWIN	C. RANDOLPH SNOWDEN
Back, H. P. WHITNEY	A. E. KENNEDY

At No. 1 Meadowbrook has a decided advantage, as Eustis has proved himself for the past three seasons as entirely satisfactory "first forward." Lippincott is a good goal-hitter, however, and, if sufficiently well-mounted to take care of Whitney, should give a good account of himself.

In Hitchcock and Baldwin Meadowbrook has an almost invincible middle pair; both brilliant hitters and hard riders, they can set a pace that probably no two other players in the country could sustain. Baldwin's "near side" stroke is a revelation; its accuracy and "form" are unapproachable. Hitchcock is a thoroughly heady player, and his angle shots at goal have swelled many a Meadowbrook score. Kendrick and Snowden, two promising Devon players, can

hardly hope to make many long runs against such brilliant opponents and will probably have to content themselves with defensive play and "riding out." At back, Kennedy, other things equal, is nearly as good as Whitney. The latter, however, is beautifully mounted, in addition to being a cool and steady player. On the whole, it seems impossible that Meadowbrook should fail to win by a margin of ten goals or more. The game takes place on the Parade Ground, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, at 3.30 o'clock, Saturday the 24th.

WALTER CAMP.

## A JOKE

THERE is a continuous misunderstanding between man and man on the point of humor. Sometimes there is but a difference between two, sometimes an antipathy between one and a multitude. Yet the lonely one against a multitude is well aware that he could have a multitude on his side if he might but summon together the many separate units who agree with him. The multitude against him is strange, a nation using his speech more or less intelligibly and his laughter unintelligibly, a people reaching, by means and ways unknown to him, the passage of open laughter, when the merry rivers of life come to light and run audibly. There is something disquieting in the unintelligible when it becomes manifest in a manner so visible, so conspicuous, so challenging, so gay, familiar, and well known as is the way of laughter.

Alien sound and speech may be the expression of alien emotion, and neither may concern us much. We do not ask what urges some kinds of books, some kinds of poetry, nor what prompts the outcries of Red Indian cavalry, for example. The motive and the utterance here are alike strange, and seem to agree with one another; we cannot judge. But a laugh is another thing: it is human, not alien; it needs no translation. Wherever we hear it, it is our language, a mother tongue which we knew always. The man whose laugh reaches us seems almost to have borrowed something of our own; he is using our household words, and he sounds a signal of recognition. Medes or Parthians or dwellers in Mesopotamia, we hear our own tongue. There is nothing better understood, or easier to understand, than his mere utterance. What, then, of his joke? It is lurking, obscure, and the heart is hidden while the tongue is so clear. By laughter are we all made most intimate, by the causes of laughter most estranged; and we hear men laugh who seem to puzzle us with the all-familiar sound of something quite foreign, something we not only question but suspect. Our own utterance, laughter, that we know all about, is, we find, at the service of something that we should dislike if we could understand it.

For instance, there is a national joke the merry and twinkling signs whereof are manifest, and the emotion unexplained; and this is a joke which a multitude of people of many classes in England find in the suggestion of famine. Poverty of itself does not divert them, but poverty expressed by a meager aspect is poverty that must bear with a laugh, for there is no help for it. An elderly clergyman talking to three friends, three appropriate ladies in a railway carriage, and telling them anecdotes, comes to the words "and he looked half starved" upon such an impetuous titter as makes the phrase ring again. He speaks it with glee, without the smallest affectation, impulsively, aloud; you overhear it, though the rest of the description and the story be lost to you. The ladies keep in countenance; the touch of nature has reached them all; they laugh the open laugh of comedy and pleasure—one volley for the sake



THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT MORRISTOWN—CHAMPION DOUGLAS DRIVING

of the joke, and a second for the sake of the jester (to show him they enjoyed it), and a third for the sake of laughter itself. A clergyman of that kind is not inhuman; if he were so, the motive of his more than cheerful outbreak would be at least perceptible. What makes him, then—the willing and hearty representative of a well-fed nation or a well-fed class—derisive at the sight of the physically unlucky? He would not laugh at the ill-housed nor at the ill-clad—neither at these kinds of privation nor (for the stronger reason) at any positive misfortune that might befall his brother. But "half-starved"—half-starved is irresistible.

All castes are in a tale. That which so takes an average clergyman and three ladies in a padded carriage, has precisely the same touch on the centers of laughter in the laity. England is one of the least cruel of countries, and for this—with all that it implies of compassion, of self-respect, and of self-control—many minor offenses are to be pardoned. The London rough, whose voice and manners promise little gentleness, is hardly even tempted to lose his temper in dealing with an animal, and probably—if we may guess—would think such a loss to be unworthy of him. It is not rash to attribute thus much to one whose thoughts are not very accessible. But, on the contrary, a southern creature, perfectly accessible and intelligible, full of signs of vivacity and humanity, is not a whit ashamed of falling into a frenzy of rage with an animal as often as the occasion comes to pass. Nevertheless the gayety of that "half-starved," when the humorous words are applied to a horse, is hardly known abroad. Without forgetting Rosinante, it may be said that the south of Europe does not see this simple joke. The Southern European will feed his horse too little (and so, by the way, will the German, north and south) as an Englishman would be loth to do, but he does this in earnest, as a matter of business, and not for fun. Why, then, is it the London rough, like the English elderly clergyman and three ladies, who finds "it looked half-starved" so gay?

"He looks half-starved" makes the same joyous appeal to natural laughter among a crowd of people who are not roughs, nor ladies, nor in orders. The very tourist who is inclined to be indignant at the heartlessness of the people of Naples, for instance—even he, when he comes to "half-starved," cannot resist a brief impulse of laughter; "it is disgraceful," he seems to say, "but, confessedly, too funny." He would be glad to be deprived of such a joke, but after all he is a man of humor, and he cannot be expected to tell his story without a reluctant laugh. Indeed, this laugh is all but universal—outside of one's own house. It is a thing, like many another, that is not used by one's friends, yet seems to be the general practice out of doors. The elderly clergyman and the ladies are not upon the list of one's acquaintance; they might be, but they are not; nor are any people, as it chances, who beguile a short railway journey with "he looked half-starved," and with a crackling of laughter, elderly and English, but still, for a moment, natural and not clerical. But it is not only in humor that one seems to be surrounded by a great world that is not one's own nor one's friends'. Therefore it is not to the purpose that any one should say he does not know the national joke, "he looked half-starved," or should declare it to be "far from me and from my friends." If such a one sincerely says he does not know the jolly phrase, it must be that he is able to go his ways without overhearing; whereas it is hardly possible not to overhear when a clergyman has three ladies to amuse and becomes almost non-clerical under the urgency of a sense of humor.

Moreover, there are other people to be inevitably overheard. The London dialect is a certain bar to easy understanding; but, on the other hand, there is not, in the streets, a habit of clerical intonation, nor one of feminine suppression. The anecdote of which "he looked half-starved" was the crown might have been audible throughout its course, if spoken in the voices of the ruder and less educated classes of people. The spirit of that obscure anecdote is broadcast; its humor is in the fullest sense national. This one elderly anecdote in the train was but a random representative of the general sprightliness. It is quite probable that the three ladies would have laughed at anything the clergyman might have told for their entertainment, but at this one cheerful saying they laughed with the unmistakable tone of *joyuseté*, unprompted, for the time, by any special feeling of respect for the clergy. "He looked half-starved" needed no such particular reverence to gain it a happy audience. The three ladies, too, were representative ladies. The negligible minority, who stand as but one against a much-mingled crowd, and to whom "he looked half-starved" is an obscure piece of humor indeed, and beyond all reach of conjecture and inquiry, have, then, to suffer the offense of seeing the communism of laughter thus appropriated, the free common property so inclosed. Why could not "He looked half-starved" be hailed by some other sign of joy than this—our common human laughter?

As humor, the thing is beyond explanation; in some other aspects it would seem to be a result of the national prosperity of years now well gone by, and so it may finally, by a few more years of adversity, be put to silence.

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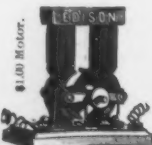
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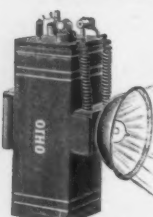
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